

**QUINQUAGINTENNIAL  
CLASS OF 1882**

**PRINCETON UNIVERSITY  
1932**

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# Quinquagintennial Record

OF THE

Class of 1882

*Princeton University*

Together With a Journal of Reunion Week,  
Personalia, Variorum, General Roster  
of Members, Necrology, Direct-  
ory, and Appendix

THE SOMERSET PRESS, INC.,  
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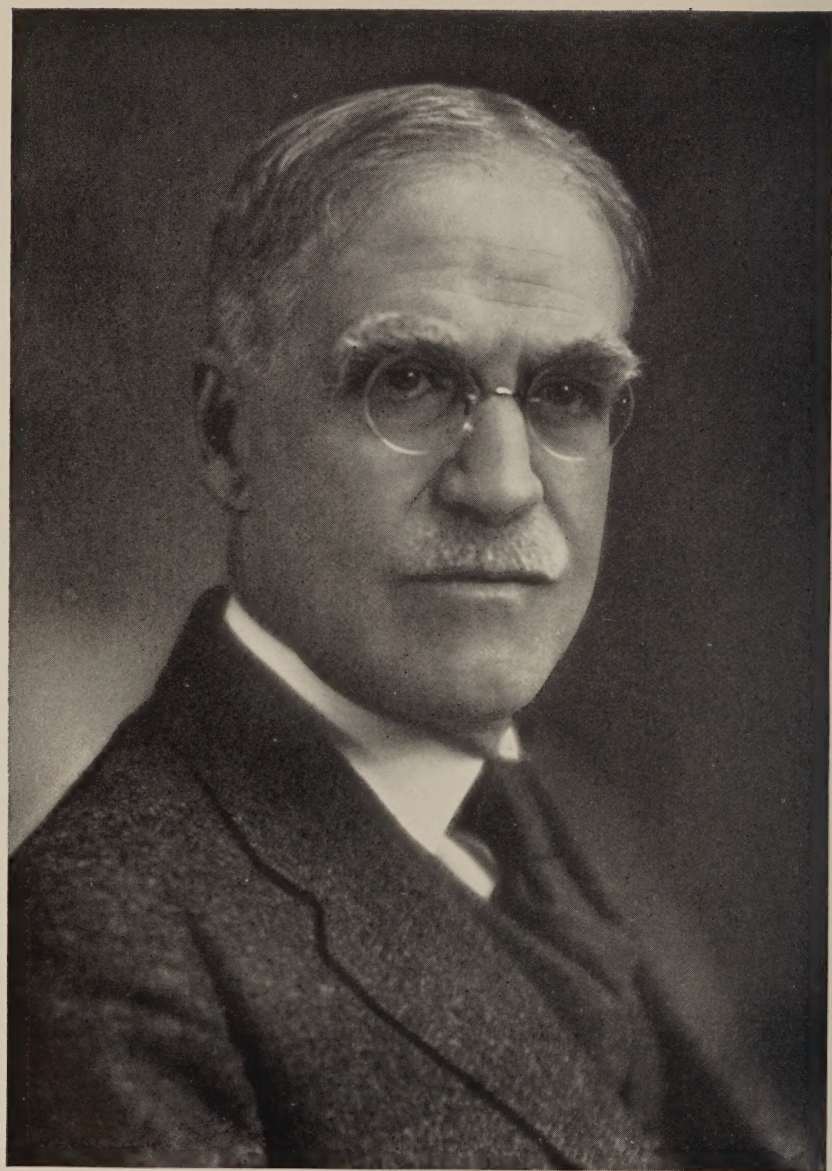
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**IN MEMORIAM**  
**E. S. S.**







B. J. J.



## **EDWIN SIDNEY SIMONS**

(Born July 28, 1861; died, January 26, 1929)

In the large sense this volume is a memorial to Ed Simons. We all remember his single-hearted devotion to the Class of Eighty-two, both individually and collectively; we know with what simple pride and joy he would have undertaken the work of organization and management of the Jubilee event in our history, the Fiftieth Reunion. It was not to be, but the torch so long upheld by his valiant hands has not been allowed to fall to the ground: it is still carried onward and upward, and we can believe that he knows of this and that his great heart rejoices.

To Charley Parker, who knew Ed so intimately in the later years of his life, has been committed the task of presenting the picture of those last days. Here it is.

## **ED SIMONS**

The frontispiece of this book is most appropriately a portrait of Ed Simons, who may be safely described as the best loved man in the Class. The historian has asked me to write something about him for this volume, and the task is willingly undertaken, notwithstanding the impossibility of doing full justice to the subject.

One hardly knows where to begin, and having begun, one cannot tell where to stop. How well we all knew him, or thought we knew him! and how well he knew all of us, and loved us! Truly in the book of gold his name will lead all the rest.

Probably, during the last four years or so of his life, I was as much in contact with him as any one of the Class. He insisted that I should be made Class treasurer, and had his wish. The secretary and the treasurer naturally worked together on Class matters, and were constantly in touch preparing for the reunion of 1927: "'82's Big 45th" as Ed called it. His labor on that was incessant. Not an issue of the *Alumni Weekly* appeared without an '82 item in the

Class notes. His little notebook, containing the Class roster of names accompanied by cabalistic signs denoting this and that, was kept up to date. Full of business himself, he kept the other members of the committee busy too. The little letters in his quaint vertical handwriting, filled the mail. They usually began: "Dear ——— I want your help." And of course he got it. No item was overlooked, none neglected. It may properly be said that Ed made the later reunions, as he made the Class over a course of years.

And all this in the face of a financial breakdown and a long struggle to recover lost ground. He began life as one of the heirs to a well established and lucrative manufacturing business. Then there was a crash, and Ed found himself practically ruined through the errors of business associates. Then came the slow climbing of a long grade, in which one or two wealthy and powerful members of the Class helped materially, all honor to them: and his two sons in time graduated from college and were making their own way. Ed found himself, in his sixties, and after the sale of his business, possessed of a very modest competence, the admirable wife who had fought by his side for forty years and more, and a bad heart.

After the Reunion of 1927 he was persuaded to take things more easily, but stuck to his secretarial work, which was transferred to the little apartment in East 56th Street. Occasionally I could get in to see him, and was duly impressed by some mysterious mechanical appliance of alleged health giving qualities. Several times he and his wife came out to Sunday dinner at Morristown, where they could look at trees and see clear sky. Mills was living then, just across the street, and Sutphen not far off, so that it made a congenial party of four.

In July, 1928, I went abroad with my wife and daughter, and Ed and his wife were on the same ship, parting company at Glasgow after some eight or ten days of delightful companionship. Our widely diverging paths crossed at Innsbruck where I saw him in the hotel office and we all had dinner together. They remained in France after we sailed for home, and made quite a stay at Fontainebleau where he had been at school as a boy. There is a happy letter from him dated at Fontainebleau, September 10, reminding me to attend to *Alumni Weekly* items for October and reporting that Rankin is taking November. Another letter came from Paris October 15, worrying about sending out bills for the *Alumni Weekly*

and announcing probable sailing from Genoa about December 10 and plans to return to Europe the following summer.

By Christmas he was in New York again and resuming much of the old grind, and in addition taking on the matter of acquiring the Elmendorf movie films for presentation to the University in the name of the Class, which business required actual delivery and a bill of sale. But Ed worked cheerily on. I have letters from him dated January 6, 7, 10, and 14. The letter of the 6th shows much encouragement:

"I have some good news to tell you. My 'blood chemistry' and other tests show up absolutely A-1. Also, more important, my heart condition is so improved that I am to give up the digitalis, at least till further orders. It was the marvellous life at Fontainebleau, the quiet, the forest, &c. that did the trick. We were very happy and care-free there. I am back again, now, in my old rut—heaped up with miscellaneous matters (none of it money-making) & not enough time to get it all done. It looks, now, like another trip to Europe. We both hope so.

"And I go on the jury tomorrow. Have served regularly since 1888. I do it purely from a sense of civic duty. I have saved several cases from going askew—once with eleven men against me. I know you will approve of my doing this. Till Feb. 1, five days a week. N. Y. Supreme Court.

"Yours,

"E. S. S."

We kept at the Elmendorf matter together, Ed as the nearer one seeing him frequently, until finally the bill of sale was signed on January 23 and Ed witnessed it. He insisted that I go to lunch with him and took me to a little place in the East Forties, by Third Avenue Elevated. I doubted the long climb up the steps, but he insisted, and was frankly proud of his ability to do it. He died at 2 A. M., January 26, 1929.

I have thought that this simple narrative by one who was in close touch with Ed during the last few months of his life, would be of more interest to other members of the Class, particularly those at a distance, than any further attempt to describe a character so intimately known to all of us.

CHARLES W. PARKER.

It seems appropriate to reprint the tender tributes paid to his memory by John Hibben and John Larkin and originally published in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*.

### **EDWIN S. SIMONS, '82**

The sudden death of Edwin S. Simons '82 on Saturday, January 26, has come as a great shock to his classmates. Although he had not been well this last year and had been ordered to go abroad for the spring and summer months by his physician, he returned in the late fall seemingly restored in health and strength.

Ed Simons has been for many years our Class secretary and all of our reunions centered about him. He had come to be the symbol of our class unity and fellowship. He has never allowed any member of the Class to drift away from his knowledge of him or from his helpful and sympathetic consideration. He was constantly planning for the Class as a whole or for individuals here and there who might need especial attention and assistance. He has so recently gone, he still seems a part of us, and we still associate with him and with his name the idea of an abundant and overflowing life. To our Class reunions or in chance meetings with his friends he always brought a spirit of gaiety which was contagious. He sought to keep himself in the background and yet was always at the center of our gatherings.

In all of his relations, as husband, father and friend, he never failed in the measure of his devotion and unselfishness. His thought seemed always to run hurriedly to and fro, seeking someone to help or to cheer. Our faith in human nature generally has always been fortified by his integrity of character and the high ideals of conduct which he daily realized in his life. While stern with himself, uncompromising and maintaining the high standard of his convictions, he always showed an unusual tolerance for the views and conduct of others; he was never censorious; his goodness always attracted and never repelled. For him religion was in its simplicity a way of life, and this way he held consistently and steadfastly to the end.

His devotion to Princeton and his joy in having a part in its high seasons and his constant interest in its progress and welfare were a peculiarly charming and marked feature of his life. He will hold a unique place in our vivid and grateful memory of him.

“E’en as he trod that day to God,  
So walked he from his birth,  
In simpleness, and gentleness, and honor,  
And clean mirth.”

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, '82.

E. S. S.

When Ed Simons ceased to breathe a great heart rested. After years of searching—even critical—consideration his classmates long ago concluded that it was his kindly and affectionate spirit that kindled and again kindled, despite the cooling effect of flying years, that subtle and evanescent something called class spirit. The gamut played by life on his classmates he heard, and of the tricks played on them by life he was aware. He was the center and spring of influence. He it was in glad days and in sad to whom the men turned. His spirit was the catalyst which broke down resistance, misunderstanding, criticism, and turned these elements into appreciation, understanding, and friendship. There was not a man in the Class whose strength, whose weakness, and whose foibles he did not know, and with smiling friendliness justly appraise. Misfortune, illness, death, found him by the side of his classmate—with him facing his misfortune, with him battling sickness, standing by him in death. He represented—no—was, the heart of his Class. We all knew it, and dumbly—like men—we gave him our affection. We could not tell him, but he knew it and we now like to think that he rejoiced that it was so. To the call of death, “Adsum” came from the lips of a “gentleman unafraid.”

JOHN LARKIN, '82.



# **FOREWORD**





THE CLASS IN 1882  
Senior Year Photograph, Witherspoon Hall Steps

## FOREWORD

The fiftieth mile post! It does seem incredible, but the figures are not to be denied—1882 and 1932. And remember that we really count back to the autumn of 1878. During the half century period the Class has held eleven regular Reunions: First, 1883; Triennial, 1885; Quinquennial, 1887; Decennial, 1892; Vigintennial, 1902; Twenty-fifth, 1907; Trigintennial, 1912; Thirty-fifth (transferred to 1919); Quadragintennial, 1922; Forty-fifth, 1927; Quinquagintennial, 1932. The attendance figures are as follows: 1883, 30; 1885, 44; 1887, no record; 1892, 38; 1897, no Reunion; 1902, 48; 1907, 54; 1912, 55; 1919, 42; 1922, 44; 1927, 33; 1932, 29. As the Reunion of 1932 was the Jubilee event and also marked the retirement of John Hibben as President of the University, we were anxious to make a creditable showing and perhaps capture the 1912 Attendance Trophy for the third time. We did that very thing. Our winning percentage in 1912 was 58.8, and in 1922, 65.66. In 1932 we scored 70.7 and so won the third leg on the cup. How Ed Simons would have rejoiced in this noble triumph! And can it be doubted that he does know and does rejoice with us.

The records show that the men with a perfect record for all Reunion events are Lindsley, Parker, Rutherford, Sutphen, and Welles. John Larkin has questioned the accuracy of this statement, but alas! his distinguished name is missing from the minutes of the first Reunion gathering, that of June 18, 1883, and there is no going behind the official returns. It is worthy of note that up to the time of their respective deaths, Mills and Withington also had a hundred per cent record, and the latter had never missed a single meeting, formal or informal. Some one made the tentative suggestion that the distinguished service award of \$1,000, established by the Class of 1912 and given, for the first time at the 1932 Commencement to the Class of 1882, should be divided among the five honor men just mentioned by way of encouraging them to keep on running to the very end of the chapter. However, this excellent

idea was not acted upon, and decision as to the disposition of the award was reserved.

That the Fiftieth Reunion was a success is due entirely to the indefatigable labors of three men—Vice-president Larkin, Treasurer Parker, and Secretary Martin. John Larkin was the driving power of the organization, whipping the laggards into line, communicating the fire of his own unselfish devotion to the willing workers, and making his customary generous contribution to the indispensable war-chest; in a word, he set and kept the ball a-rolling. Charles Parker had the ungrateful task of making the individual quotas and then collecting the levies for the Reunion expenses. Not an easy job in these distressful times and considering the fact that many of our most liberal supporters are no longer with us. Yet C. W. P. succeeded in balancing the budget with something to spare, and he is entitled to take a modest pride in his achievement. Paul Martin, as secretary, did the spade work, and no one who has not tried to run a four days Reunion has any conception of the amount of vexing and yet indispensable detail that must be looked after if all is to go smoothly. The event was run off as though on well-oiled wheels, but that meant foresight and unremitting effort. Owing to Paul's close association with the Seminary he was able to secure exceptionally favorable terms for our accommodation, and that was of great service in keeping the expenses within our somewhat limited means. It had been necessary indeed to divide the mantle of Ed Simons into three parts, but the shoulders upon which the burden fell were worthy and able to sustain it. It was a point of honor not to let Simons down, and right manfully did the triumvirate carry on as we all know and do now most gratefully acknowledge.

Although the Journal will follow the proceedings in more detail it seems proper to reprint here Martin's report on the Reunion as given in the *Alumni Weekly* of July 2, 1932. It reads:

#### '82's FIFTIETH

The Fiftieth Reunion has now become history. All the members of the Class and their ladies who were present agree that the Reunion was a success, characterized by good fellowship and each event came off happily.

The headquarters, which was a residence on the Seminary campus with a sequestered garden, proved to be a delightful place for the gathering of the





THE FAMILY

H. Q. At Donnelly House, Seminary Campus, 1932

Class, and the fact that all those who came to the Reunion were lodged within three minutes' walk of headquarters also added to the fellowship of the reunion.

The following members of the Class were present: Banister, Barrett, Beattie, Bryan, Collis, Crew, Cromer, Darlington, Elmer, G. B. F. Hallock, Hibben, Hurin, Larkin, Lindsley, McWilliams, Martin, Parker, Peabody, Pierson, Rankin, Reiber, Rutherford, L. R. Scudder, W. W. Scudder, Sutphen, Terhune, Westervelt, Welles, Woods. These twenty-nine of the forty-one living members of the Class gave a percentage of 70.7 per cent, and as, at our thirtieth and fortieth reunions, the cup awarded to the reunion class having the highest percentage of living members present was again given to '82.

The Class was pleased to welcome as guests: Mrs. Banister, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Crew, Miss Cromer, Mrs. Hallock, Mrs. Hibben, Mrs. Lindsley, Mrs. McWilliams, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Pierson, Mrs. Welles, and Miss Woods.

The Class picture (number one of the Class, and number two of the Class and ladies) was taken in front of headquarters. Copies of these may be obtained by sending the price, \$1.50 each, to the photographer, Royal H. Rose, Princeton.

An interesting feature of the Reunion was an exhibition of memorabilia of '82 college days—text books used, examination papers of the course, programs of events, proclamations, scrap-books, album, photos of members of the Class when small boys, at graduation, in college groups and at the successive reunions, and books (some sixty in number) written by members of the Class.

In the P-rade to the Yale game, the fact that ours was the Fiftieth Reunion Class, that we were led by the stirring notes of the Scottish bagpipers, that the number of men in line was large, and especially that President Hibben led the line, gave '82 a notable place. She met with a continuous cheer from the other classes, sometimes ending with "Hibben, Hibben, Hibben," and sometimes with "Eighty-Two."

On Saturday evening Henry Crew gave a most interesting account of preparations for the fair in Chicago in 1933 in celebration of one hundred years of advance in science. This was followed by fine moving pictures of Princeton campus scenes and a reel of Dwight Elmerdorf's splendid pictures of Italy.

On Sunday the Class greatly enjoyed the chapel service with President Hibben's baccalaureate sermon. At half past four President and Mrs. Hibben welcomed the Class, its ladies and a small company of friends at "Prospect." At five-thirty the chapel was cleared of visitors that '82 might hold a service, in the north transept, in memory of the members of the Class who have gone before. Mrs. Burt Fine, Mrs. Ed Simons, Mrs. Shober, and members of their families were also present. At this service Hibben read the Scriptures and made the address, and McWilliams offered the prayer. From the chapel the company proceeded to the Princeton cemetery to lay a wreath on the grave of Ed Simons, Hibben offering prayer.

In the evening at headquarters, Pierson spoke on the situation in Japan, and Lew Scudder on the situation in India. After two hours the chairman

of the meeting had to insist that the meeting come to a close, but still the men gathered around the speakers to ask more questions.

On Monday morning was held the '82 golf tournament. Only four golfers, Banister, Crew, Martin, and Sutphen, still hold to the game. The prize for first place went to Martin, with Banister runner-up.

In the afternoon the Class enjoyed a sight-seeing bus trip around Princeton, at which the Princeton of our college days was recalled by the announcer and Princeton today explained to those who were not familiar with it. The bus trip closed with a visit to the interesting Walker-Gordon Farm at Plainsboro, with its latest device in agriculture, the rotolactor. At five o'clock an afternoon tea for friends of the Class was held at headquarters. In the evening came the climax of the Reunion in the Class dinner at the Graduate College, a delightful gathering at which a number of men were heard. The Class expressed to President Hibben its appreciation by presenting to him and Mrs. Hibben a beautiful Old English silver teapot.

The otherwise happy days of the Reunion were shadowed by the sudden illness of Taylor Bryan. He arrived on Friday in very good spirits. On Saturday an affection of the throat, for which he had consulted his physician before leaving St. Louis, took a violent development and he was taken to the Princeton Hospital and received attention from Trenton and Philadelphia specialists. The trouble was diagnosed as streptococcus infection developing into pneumonia. He died on the twenty-third, two days after Commencement. Mrs. Bryan, his daughter and three sons being with him at the end.

The distinguished service award, established by the Class of 1912, was bestowed for the first time at the meeting of the National Alumni Association at noon on Sunday. The prize of \$1,000 was given to the Class of 1882 in recognition of "the distinguished service and lifelong devotion to Princeton" of the Class president, Dr. John Grier Hibben. The Class expressed warm appreciation of the honor done to it and its president by the Class of 1912, and appointed a committee to determine the purpose to which the fund should be devoted in the interests of the University.

The outstanding feature of this Reunion was the spirit of friendly tolerance and understanding which animated it from start to finish. In any large body of men there must naturally be many shades of opinion and practice; we cannot all think and act in complete unison. During our academic days there were many distinct groups; we knew everybody in the Class, but we formed our several intimacies and, as a rule, kept to them. Many acquaintances but comparatively few friends. And this more or less unconscious cleavage has persisted since graduation; that is both natural and inevitable. But Class fellowship continues to be a unifying bond, and that community interest has deepened rather than lessened with the passing of fifty years. It was more in evidence at this Fiftieth Reunion

than ever before. We have grown to understand and appreciate the other fellow's point of view, and this feeling was expressly noticeable on the evening when George Pierson and "Black" Scudder gave their talks; for once we were all breathing the same spiritual air, standing upon the common foundation of faith, hope, and charity. Surely this in itself is sufficient reason why it had been good for Eighty-two to foregather once more at the knees of our Cherishing Mother.

This record of our Jubilee Reunion belongs to the Class, and it is now presented (E. & O. E. as the business men say) with all possible goodwill to one and all. Until 1937 then; *Vaya con Dios!*

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN, *Chairman Reunion Record.*

# **THE JOURNAL**

## ***THE JOURNAL***

The opening gun in the campaign for the Fiftieth Reunion was fired as far back as March 14, 1931, when eight members of the Class met at the Essex Club in Newark by invitation of John Larkin to talk over plans for the fitting celebration of our Jubilee event. Secretary Martin reported that the house on Washington Road, which served as H. Q. for the Fortieth and Forty-fifth reunions, was no longer available, but that he had tentatively engaged the commodious residence of Professor Donnelly on the campus of the Theological Seminary, adjacent to Alexander Hall and five minutes walk from the University dining halls where all meals would be served at tables reserved for the Class. As before, the overflow of single men would be lodged in Hodge Hall, and family quarters would be provided in the Seminary apartment house for missionaries on furlough. It was agreed that the expenses of the Reunion should be defrayed from a Class fund to be raised by individual contributions, and that earnest effort should be made to secure the attendance of every living member in the hope of again securing the "1901 Reunion Trophy" which was awarded to Eighty-two in 1912 and again in 1922. The following Reunion Committee was appointed: Larkin, Chairman; Martin, Banister, Hughes, McCarter, Parker, Rutherford, Terhune, and Welles.

On Saturday, Jan. 30, 1932, John Larkin again invited the members of the Reunion Committee to take luncheon with him, this time at the University Club in New York City. Several men being unable to attend, the ranks were filled up by including Rankin, Lindsley, and Sutphen. Secretary Martin and Treasurer Parker presented their reports and estimates, and the general discussion was prolonged far into the afternoon.

The Executive Committee, consisting of Larkin, Martin, Parker, and Sutphen, held a final meeting at the Nassau Club, Princeton, on April 20, 1932, but so efficient had been the services of Secretary Martin that few loose ends remained to be gathered up. Rankin and Banister were entrusted with the official task of collecting

memorabilia for exhibition at H. Q. and Larkin, Parker, and Sutphen promised to bring their scrap-books and other articles of general interest. Sutphen announced that he would be taking his vacation at Princeton in the early part of June, and so would be able to assist the secretary in getting things into shape at H. Q. The reports indicated a good attendance; in particular the presence of "Black" Scudder now on furlough from his work in India. The Donnelly residence was found to be admirably adapted for our needs and, provided the weather conditions proved favorable, it seemed certain that the half-century Reunion would be the best ever.

The house was placed at our disposal on Thursday of Reunion week and, aided by the capable services of Mr. Wong, a Chinese student at the Seminary, H. Q. speedily assumed the festive air appropriate to the great occasion. Parker sent over the large Class banner and the smaller one to be used in the Saturday Parade; and, owing to his faithful care, not a moth hole could be discovered in either fabric. It was arranged that the four principal bedrooms should be occupied by the following pairs: Larkin and Beattie; Rutherford and Sutphen; Parker and Hurin; and "Black" and "White" Scudder. Rankin and Westervelt were lodged in the attic. Greatly to everybody's regret it became known that Bobby Clark would be sailing for Europe on Friday afternoon and so unable to drop in for even a few hours. Ed Hughes had been called to Texas on business, and Tommy Peebles was detained in Minneapolis by a law suit. Robert Hallock was ill at his home in Valatie, N. Y., Warfield was tied up by his own Commencement at Wilson College, and Fred Williams wrote that his attendance was prevented by several unavoidable causes. Too bad! but we shall still carry on, and make the best showing in our power.

**Friday.** The weather at the beginning of the Reunion week had been cool and inclined to be rainy. But today was clear and warm, ideal in every way. When Banister, the chairman of the official "Hanging Committee," arrived, at the head of his tribe, about half past twelve, the work was finished, and Jim's only duty was to inspect the result and pronounce it all very good. However, he had driven over from East Orange on Thursday of the preceding week with a carload of pictures, diplomas, official demerit notices, scrap-books, old examination papers, and various odds and ends





# THE CLASS AT 1932 REUNION

H. Q. at Donnelly House, Seminary Campus

Crew. Pierson. Darlington. Hurin. McWilliams. Barrett. Rutherford. Bryan. Beattie. Martin.  
 G. Hallock. W. Scudder. L. Scudder. Rankin. Westervelt. Larkin. Peabody. Banister. Elmer. Reiber. Welles  
 (Present at reunion, but not in picture: Collis, Cromer, Parker, Terhune, Woods.)

of our college days, so his punishment was commuted to his being compelled to smoke one from the package of cigarettes given to him by Ed Critchlow at the Class Day exercises just fifty years ago.

Peabody, as usual, was the earliest arrival, not a difficult feat seeing that he now lives at Lawrenceville; he was quickly followed by Andy Barrett, Ed Rankin, Charley Lindsley (Phi Beta Kappa, *causa honoris*), Vice-president Larkin, the old pre-war and wholly reliable "Black and White" combination, Silas Hurin, "Jim" Beattie, George Westervelt (now the possessor of a brand new middle name), and Matt Elmer. Everybody admired the comfortable roomy house and the tasteful decorations of which the chief note was the bowlful of gorgeous roses sent over by Mrs. Hibben. The rocking chairs on the secluded back lawn were quickly occupied, and the afternoon passed in friendly converse and the consumption of much tobacco and soft drinks served by the ever-smiling Wong. The ladies of the Class also put in their appearance—the perennially vivacious and attractive Mrs. Pierson; Mrs. Martin, the gracious official hostess; Mrs. McWilliams, Mrs. Gerard Hallock, Mrs. Welles, Mrs. Banister, Mrs. Lindsley, Miss Woods, and several others; the Fiftieth Reunion was fairly on. Later came Treasurer Parker, Henry Welles, Henry Crew, W. E. Collis, and Taylor Bryan; and when we adjourned to Madison Hall for dinner the contingent was not only respectable in appearance but in actual numbers, remembering always that we were fifty years out. In the evening we endeavored to have a song-fest, but, oh, how we missed Dwight at the piano, and Ed Ernst's resonant tenor! However, George Pierson surprised everybody by his skill in "banging the box," and George (Norton) Westervelt gallantly stepped into the breach as leader of the choir. But the consciousness of the voices forever stilled—Simons, Shober, McCarter, Browne, *et al.*—remained with us and presently the shouting and the tumult died away by mutual consent.

And so to bed.

**Saturday.** The weather at first seemed uncertain, but soon the sun looked through the clouds and it became a perfect day. The taking of the Class picture had been scheduled for eleven o'clock, but, owing to Hibben's numerous engagements, the hour was advanced to ten o'clock. At least one member of the Class failed to consult the official bulletin board, and so arrived on the scene after

all was over. Also Charley Parker went to Trenton to have his teeth attended to, and so missed not only the photograph but luncheon as well.

The bag pipers had arrived, resplendent as usual in their kilts and tartans, and their services were at once requisitioned for an official visit to the Twenty-five year Class (Oughty-seven) at their headquarters in Thomson Hall. Headed by the pipers and commanded by Field-marshal John Larkin, the Class marched to the back lawn where our younger brothers were lounging about in the effort to recuperate after a noisy all-night session. Evidently our appearance had a tonic effect, for Oughty-seven rose to its collective feet and gave us a hearty cheer. Westervelt had been appointed our official cheer leader, and he began in a confident, resonant tone: "A locomotive for ————" And then Larkin barged in with: "No, no, we can't give a locomotive. The old-fashioned cheer." So we did our bit in a good old style for Oughty-seven, and with the arrival of trays of beer steins the *entente cordiale* was once more firmly established.

Oughty-seven had a moving picture operator in attendance, a fact which caused Vice-president Larkin to lament for the forty-seventh consecutive time that he had left his own movie camera, carefully loaded and ready for action, on his bureau back home. However, we made a good subject for the Oughty-seven machine, and we marched out to the inspiring strains of "Blue Bonnets Over the Border." Or may be it was "Cock o' the North." Or may be it wasn't; you can't be certain of these Scotch tunes when played on Scotia's native musical instruments. This ended the formal proceedings of the morning, and we were left to our own devices for passing the time away before the noonday luncheon.

And now fell the first faint shadow of the tragedy which was to darken the remaining Reunion days. As already noted, Taylor Bryan had arrived from St. Louis Friday afternoon, and he took dinner with us that evening in Madison Hall. After dinner he and Livy Rutherford went to the front campus to listen to the Senior singing, but joined us later at H. Q. Taylor had engaged a room at the Princeton Inn, but he was on hand again Saturday morning and was photographed with the Class. Several men remarked that he looked the youngest of us all; although quiet in manner he appeared to be in his usual health and glad to be with us again. After

the visit to Thomson Hall a couple of us strolled away with Taylor and made an inspection of the Art Museum and the new Chapel. He was much interested in all that he saw, but when it was suggested that we should continue the walk Taylor gently demurred, saying that he was tired and that it was nearly time for luncheon. So we made our way to Madison Hall. Taylor said that he wanted to go to the men's retiring room. He was given the necessary directions, and one of us took his hat and hung it on a hook in the vestibule; it was agreed that he should join us in the dining room. But the minutes passed and still his reserved chair remained unoccupied. Finally, we concluded that Taylor had decided to slip away to Connecticut where one of his sons lives, spend Sunday with his family, and then return for the Class dinner on Monday. He had hinted at such a possibility, and it seemed quite likely that he had gone off on the spur of the moment; perhaps he had discovered that he had just time to catch a train and so was obliged to forego the formality of a farewell. None of us entertained the slightest suspicion that he was feeling ill and the mystery of his disappearance remained unsolved; we wondered a little, but there was nothing that could be done. Dear Taylor Bryan! how gladly would we have offered every possible sympathy and assistance in this his hour of need. But we knew and could do nothing, and the explanation of his non-return seemed at least plausible; on just such slender pivots do the wheels of destiny revolve. An unfinished chapter to which we shall return at a later and darker hour.

Following the luncheon we made our way to the front campus, preceded by the pipers and marshalled by John Larkin, with Wong struggling manfully to carry the Eighty-two banner against the rising breeze; we found our station and presently the P—rade started. President Hibben had joined us and, with Larkin, Martin, and Parker, he headed the line of march to Prospect Avenue and the baseball field. A continuous salvo of cheering greeted us as we marched through the parallel lines of the younger classes, but we knew well that the tribute was primarily for Jack, "the whitest man in all the Fac," and we rejoiced that it should be so. And the honors were repeated again and again as we waited inside the gate for our final position in line, preceded by Twelve, the first class to be graduated by the Hibben administration, and followed by the near-alumni of Thirty-two.

There was more than the usual amount of singing before the game, led as usual by "Lamb" Heyniger and including the Hibben verse in the Faculty Song; then came "Old Nassau" and the game was on. The change in the disposition of the line of march gave us an admirable vantage point in the east bleachers, about half way between home plate and third base. The weather was delightfully sunny and yet cool; the game ended with the customary triumph of the Blue. Yet it was well played for the most part, and became really exciting when, through the effort of a pinch hitter, the teams were tied and the contest went to an extra inning. Alas! that same pinch hitter was unable to produce the goods when he was sent into the pitcher's box, and the bases were filled when he was relieved by Gosnell. The latter did his best, but the position was too tight and timely hitting gave Yale a lead that could not be overcome by the Princeton batters in our half of the inning. It seemed as though the game was lost through inept generalship on the part of the professional coach in the dug-out rather than through want of playing ability. For the past two seasons Dr. Kennedy of the Board of Athletic Control, had persuaded the Princeton nine to play the game on their own, but the plan had been abandoned owing to the reluctance of the undergraduate captains to accept full responsibility, and professional direction of the players was again in evidence. Well, is it a good thing for young gentlemen to avoid the acceptance of responsibility in running their own affairs? And what are they going to do in real life where the prizes go to the man who is not afraid to stand on his own feet? And, finally, could even an undergraduate captain have made more errors of judgment or strategy than were committed by the professional dictator on the bench? I, for one, doubt it.

Dinner at Madison Hall and then an interesting talk by Crew on the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago in 1933, generally known as "A Century of Progress Exposition." Henry explained the origin of the exposition as the product of a small group of clear minds, meeting in conference in Chicago in the summer of 1928.

"Desiring to celebrate in a worthy manner the centennial of the city's incorporation, they decided upon a World's Fair with a new theme. They agreed that a competitive exhibition, with juries of award, would be something already outmoded and unwise; but a demonstration of the dependence of industry and engineering upon

pure science was thought to be an inspiring theme, a purpose in every way worthy of this great city. Mr. Rufus C. Dawes, the President of the Fair, asked Dr. George K. Burgess, the chairman of the National Research Council, which is, in a certain sense, the scientific heart of the nation, if he would not be good enough to appoint an advisory committee who would suggest the type of thing which ought to be shown in order to make clear to the American people the ministrations of the basic sciences to the commercial and social welfare of the nation.

"To this request, Dr. Burgess responded generously and courageously by inviting Dr. Frank B. Jewett, now Vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to act as chairman of a large committee which, with its subcommittees, numbered something like four hundred of the leading scientific men of America and which handed to the administrative officers of the Fair a series of thirty-four reports dealing with the various branches of science, pure and applied.

"The problem upon which the scientific staff of the Fair is now engaged is the execution of this report—that is, the realization of the Committee's plans in terms of brass, iron, glass, solder, plants, animals, minerals, and other laboratory materials. Chicago is attempting to exhibit phenomena instead of apparatus, and biological processes instead of museum specimens. The task is difficult and the present depression is not especially helpful, but there is no thought of giving up our objective.

"The great hall which is to house some of these outstanding results of science is practically completed. This exquisite structure is the product of the mind and imagination of Mr. Paul Cret of Philadelphia, the architect of the Pan-American Building in Washington. Just across the lagoon lies the beautiful group of electrical buildings designed by Mr. Raymond Hood of New York. The enormous Travel and Transport building is also completed. Three industrial pavilions are under construction.

"One year is a brief time in which to complete the undertaking; but, on the other hand, what Margaret Ayers Barnes says in *The Years of Grace* is very true: 'Chicago makes you believe in Genesis: makes you believe that, in six days, the Lord made heaven and earth.'

"The probable attendance at this exposition is a subject of wide-

spread curiosity. In every man, woman, and child there is something of the same spirit of inquiry that led Socrates to walk up and down the streets of Athens and look in at the shop doors seeing how many things he could do without. Experts in the estimation of public taste, and students of previous expositions predict that the visitors to Chicago in 1933 will not be less than forty million. The success of the Fair is not, however, to be measured by the attendance alone; for if the intelligent public can here acquire a keener sense of what is meant by scientific method, if the public can here be helped to realize the transcendent importance of the discovery of principles of universal validity; and if this same public can be induced to select leaders who are familiar, not necessarily with the facts of science, but with the simple common sense method of science, then the exposition of 1933 will not have been in vain."

"It is only in this direction," concluded the speaker, "that I can see any solution of the one great problem which is now facing us all, namely, the fair distribution of food, raiment, leisure, and work."

Following upon his formal address Henry gave his views upon various recondite theories in applied physics in response to queries propounded by (apparently) earnest seekers after knowledge. Undoubtedly, Dr. Henry knew what he was talking about, and the rest of us endeavored to look as though we quite followed him. Jim Banister pulled out a copy of Ganot's *Physics* from his imposing collection of textbooks, but before he could think up a poser with which to floor Henry the meeting was adjourned for the presentation of the Princeton movie, the up-to-date life of the undergraduates of Nassau Hall in classroom, commons, and athletic grounds. This was followed by a selection from Dwight Elmendorf's collection of moving pictures, some of the earliest ever made. It will be remembered that a few generous members of the Class united to purchase these films from Dwight and present them to the University. This was done a few months before Dwight's death, and served to relieve him of financial worry and also make possible his journey to St. Augustine, Florida, where he made his last heroic stand for life and health. The pictures were interesting glimpses of colorful life in the streets of Italian cities—Milan and elsewhere—and how he would have enjoyed the task of turning the crank of the machine! And how dearly would we have loved to see him doing that very thing!

Refreshments by Mr. Wong and his capable aides, more reminiscent talk, and much consumption of tobacco.

And so to bed.

**Sunday.** Charley Parker went to Philadelphia to hear a sermon and so missed luncheon again; two perfectly good meal tickets in the discard. However, since he had not dropped them anywhere in Princeton, they could not be used and charged up to the Class, and Secretary Martin's furrowed brow noticeably relaxed.

Again the serious note. Soon after breakfast Dr. William Schauffler, one of Princeton's resident physicians, called at H. Q. and informed us that Taylor Bryan was in the town hospital down on Witherspoon Street, suffering from a badly swollen throat. It seemed that Taylor had not left town after all on Saturday. Feeling that he was going to be ill he had inquired for a physician and had been directed to Dr. Schauffler. The examination disclosed the fact that Taylor's tonsils were suspiciously inflamed and that his temperature was around one hundred and two degrees. Whereupon the doctor immediately decided that he needed expert attention and made arrangements at the hospital for a room and nurses. Characteristically, Taylor had not been willing to spoil our holiday, and so he had requested Dr. Schauffler to say nothing about his illness until the afternoon and night had passed. In response to our inquiries the physician said that while Taylor's condition had somewhat improved he was still a very sick man; he could have one visitor but no more. Since Matt Elmer was in the group at H. Q., it was quickly agreed that he should see Taylor in his professional capacity and report to us later. It was a great shock to learn that Taylor's indisposition was serious and the brightness of that sunny forenoon became perceptibly clouded. To have come so far to attend the Reunion and then to be struck down by illness! It did seem too bad. But we waited hopefully for Matt's diagnosis; surely it could not be alarming. And when Elmer did return with his report our anxiety was measurably relieved. Matt had looked at his throat and examined the temperature chart; he gave it as his opinion that Taylor was in for an attack of quinsy, a very painful but not necessarily dangerous affection of the throat. This seemed satisfactory at the time, but when Hibben learned later of the situation he decided that it would be wise to have a consultation with

Dr. Blackwell of Trenton, and he took it upon himself to make the arrangement. But this decision was not reached until the early afternoon, John being full up with his baccalaureate sermon and the general meeting of the Alumni in front of Nassau Hall following upon the chapel service.

The Commencement crowd being much smaller than usual, it was possible to get in the chapel even without a ticket, and most of the Class managed to be present at John Hibben's valedictory sermon and address to the graduating class. It was a great audience and an inspiring service. The male choir sang the "Veni Creator" which has become a traditional part of Princeton's religious ceremonies. A footnote on the order of exercises informed us that the music was now attributed to Bach and that its approximate date was the tenth century—believe it or not. Well, since Bach belonged to the seventeenth century one can't accept both statements without some further explanation. In the old days it bore Palestrina's name as composer and that seemed to satisfy everybody. However, it still remains a noble example of ecclesiastical musical art and it was admirably rendered by Mr. Downes' choir.

The chief point of interest in the general alumni meeting was the announcement that the Class of 1912 prize of \$1,000 had been awarded to the Class of 1882 in recognition of the distinguished service and life-long devotion to Princeton of its president, John Grier Hibben. John accepted the cheque in the name of the Class and returned thanks for the honor in his customarily felicitous vein.

After luncheon we lounged about H. Q., turning over scrap-books, albums, old photographs, and the numerous memorabilia contributed by various members of the Class. We gazed with awe at Jim Banister's authentic diploma as a bachelor of arts, backed up by a similar document bearing the faded pink seal of Clio Hall. Like a good workman Jim exhibited the trusty tools which had enabled him to achieve these academic honors, a complete set of text books, all showing the marks of diligent and conscientious handling; also a collection of our entrance examination papers. We looked at these latter with lively interest for it had been officially announced by Secretary Martin that Hibben would present an honorary LL. D. on Tuesday to any member of the Class who should succeed in passing these fifty-four year old tests. But no one had the courage to make the trial, and your historian asserts boldly that the only

man to have a Chinaman's chance in such a brutal contest (savoring of the old gladiatorial combats of the Roman arena) would be the Hon. Charles Wolcott Parker. For be it clearly understood that Charley still keeps his intellectual muscles in first-rate condition. He does half a dozen crossword puzzles every Sunday afternoon; he solves problems in the higher mathematics in friendly competition with his daughter Elinor, an honor woman of Bryn Mawr; he recently completed a translation from the French of two ponderous tomes of eighteenth century reminiscences of court and political life; he follows the lessons in the church services from the Latin Vulgate; and he belongs to a Greek club that meets every other week during the winter to read Homer, Plato, Euripides and the New Testament in the original. (It is even rumored that C. W. P. prepared the English version of the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes which made such a sensation on the New York stage a year or so ago). These are facts, gentlemen, and I was prepared to nominate Mr. Justice Parker as my candidate for this intellectual catch-as-catch-can contest; and even to make a book upon him, backing him to the utmost extent of my modest clerical means. But, as already noted, Parker had gone to Philadelphia, and some killjoy pointed out that since he already possesses a Princeton LL. D. he would not be interested in John Hibben's sporting proposition. And so it was allowed to go by the board; no takers. But I stand ready to bet on Charles at any future time or place, and it has just occurred to me that he should have been compelled to perform the feat *since he never did pass those particular papers*. Has it been forgotten that Parker was not with us in Freshman year, that he entered as a Sophomore recruit, and probably without any examinations at all? For back in '79 Princeton was glad enough to get new students at virtually their own price. However, it must be frankly admitted that Charley succeeded in keeping up with our intellectual giants and might easily have beaten them at their own game had not an attack of typhoid fever kept him out of college for several months and forced him to drop down into second speed. Finally, does he not achieve the perennial miracle of balancing Eighty-two's financial budget? I beg to suggest that his old LL. D. degree be modernized and brought strictly up to date by the addition of the customary palms, stars, clasps, and citations. There never was and never will be such a wonder-worker Class Treasurer as C. W. P., since the task calls for tact, judgment,

and the stimulus of a generous example All honor then to him to whom honor is due, and let the LL. D.'s fall where they may.

Upon a table in the music room were arranged a number of interesting relics of fifty years ago, including two pieces of the famous rope which figured in the tug-of-war between Eighty-two and Eighty-three. As you remember, the rope parted under the strain and the affair (which had been especially sponsored by the authorities to take the place of the traditional rush) ended up in a free fight between the two classes for the possession of the *casus belli*. According to our *Class History*, Eighty-two captured the major portion of the spoils. Among the other items was the half of a hickory walking-stick, sole remaining relic of a drawn fight in the cane spree between Eighty-one and Eighty-two in September, 1878; and, remarkable to relate, both of those old-time contenders for the trophy—Paul Van Dyke '81 and Sutphen '82—were present in person to recall the memories of that crowded hour. Your historian challenged Van Dyke to furnish *his* end of the divided cane and fight it out for a finish, but Paul admitted regretfully that he could not produce the goods and so the ancient struggle could not be renewed. The other exhibits included a small cast-iron eagle which fifty odd years ago was the ornamental finish to a Princeton street gas lamp and the very last specimen of its kind. Harry Terhune recalled that "Jim" Rafferty, in endeavoring to secure a similar trophy, lost his hold and fell to the sidewalk, breaking a wrist as a result of his misadventure.

Still another object of interest was a set of photographs of Eighty-two men at the tender age of six to ten years, secured by Ed Rankin. The undoubted gem of this collection was the picture of the pretty little "girl," in pantalettes and with flowing curls, said to be an early likeness of Silas Hurin. But, since no legal affidavit was attached to the photograph, its authenticity was immediately questioned; why you had only to look at him now.

But the real centre of attention continued to be the Banister collection of text-books; could it be possible that "Jeems" had really assimilated the amount of pure knowledge represented by that imposing array of well-worn volumes? J. B. B., in reply, pointed with pride to his framed A. B. diploma as sufficient answer to the query. But where was his equally complete collection of "transes," cribs, and other aids to the acquisition of learning (passing marks)?

Now I ask you. Probably, James was reserving these academic crutches as a heritage to his grandchildren, a treasure too precious to be exposed to the dangers of casual inspection and indiscriminate handling.

A really creditable exhibit had been arranged on a long table in the living room—some sixty books written by members of the Class. John Hibben's contributions to the sciences of logic and philosophy had the place of honor on the right, and next in line were the erudite tomes on the general subject of physics by Henry Crew, Sc. D. But most of Henry's original and valuable work is in the form of paper bound monographs, and it was deemed inadvisable to borrow these from the University Library for fear of loss and damage. The one exception to this rule was a set of Sam Lloyd's medical papers, since these were encased in a special box and so made secure. The author with the highest number of separate titles (thirty-eight in all) was Gerard Hallock, but only a selected list could be conveniently placed on view. George Pierson's annotated edition of the Holy Scriptures in Japanese, a monumental work, was examined with respectful interest. The plates of the book were destroyed in the Tokyo earthquake and fire several years ago, but, fortunately, a number of the printed sets of sheets had been preserved, and the Seminary Library kindly loaned the two bound volumes. The other literary lights, represented by one or more volumes, were Greene, Potter, Warfield, Woods, Rutherford, Rankin, Parker, and Sutphen. Not a bad showing for our little band of barely a hundred graduates. Another object of interest on the book table was a set of enlarged photographs of the four Presidents of Princeton associated with our academic days and subsequent alumni history—McCosh, Patton, Wilson, and Hibben; also a fine portrait of Dr. Hunt, the last of our old instructors to pass away. These pictures were presented to Eighty-two by Butler on behalf of the Class of Seventy-seven. It was agreed that they should be passed on to Eighty-three for their fiftieth year reunion in 1933.

At half-past four o'clock came President and Mrs. Hibben's tea for the members of the Class, together with their wives, children, and a few invited guests, including Henry Duffield, '81 and Bill Schenck, '80. It was a great pleasure to meet there Mrs. Simons; also Mrs. John Shober and John's son, Morris Shober. "Prospect" and its lovely garden seemed more beautiful than ever, and we

hated to think it was the last time that we should ever gather here as the guests of our distinguished classmate; "Prospect" will not seem natural without the Hibben family in the role of hosts.

At half-past five o'clock we gathered in the north transept of the University Chapel for a simple memorial service. Hibben read a wonderfully appropriate chapter from the Apocryphal Book of Ecclesiasticus, and James McWilliams offered a beautiful prayer. Immediately upon the conclusion of the service, the Class went to the Princeton cemetery and placed a wreath upon the grave of Ed Simons, Hibben again reading some passages from the Scriptures and dismissing us with a few prayers and the benediction. Standing in the quiet and peace of that beautiful Sunday afternoon we felt that Ed was still with us in the spirit and that unseen things are the only eternal verities.

In the evening the time was filled by interesting talks by Pierson and "Black" Scudder upon their past work, respectively in Japan and India, together with their prognostications for the future. Both men spoke with a cheering optimism that it was refreshing to hear, the note of hopefulness being sounded distinctly. It was pleasant to observe the sympathetic attention accorded to both men, even on the part of the classmates whose walk in life had been of a very different character; after the lapse of half a century we were more than ever a family party, and this is surely as it should be—many minds and many opinions but still a common goal. The news from Taylor Bryan continued to be reasonably encouraging, and we separated for the night with the comfortable assurance that all might still be well.

And so to bed.

**Monday.** Since your scribe was scheduled for an early appearance at the golf links he is unable to say in what direction Charley Parker departed for his accustomed morning hegira; perhaps he went to Baltimore to have a permanent wave put in his back hair. Certain it is that again he missed out on the midday meal and now there were three luncheon checks gone to the Never-never land, their value being non-convertible into cash and non-transferable.

The golfing contingent had been reduced to a bare quartet since "Jim" Beattie has definitely given up the game, and Bobby Clark was on the high seas. However, Bobby had sent on his customary





TO J. G. H. FROM '82

dozen of Spalding golf balls with "1882-1932" printed upon them in the Princeton colors, and we used eight of them for the actual play, the remaining four being held in reserve as the first prize. Paul Martin, with an excellent score of 92 for the eighteen holes, clearly outclassed his field. Banister took second prize, a canvas practice ball carrier, and Sutphen was awarded a handsome cigarette lighter (a gift from the generous-hearted J. B. B.) by way of third honors. Henry Crew alone went prizeless, but then he was still wearing the identical pair of Banister golf shoes which he won at the Class tournament in 1922, and there is no sense in giving a man a new prize until he has used up or worn out his old one. So the old adage: "There's nothing like (Banister) leather" still holds true.

A welcome surprise was the early morning arrival of Cromer, accompanied by his daughter. The news from the hospital concerning Taylor Bryan indicated that his condition was about the same, but Hibben had decided that further consultation was advisable and it became known that a Philadelphia throat specialist had been summoned; also that Mrs. Bryan had been notified by telegraph of her husband's illness and that she would leave at once for the East. Another disquieting announcement was that Robert Hallock was seriously ill at his home in Valatie, N. Y. He had not been in robust health for some time and had not planned to attend the Reunion. But we were sorry now to hear that his illness had reached a critical stage; again the succession of lights and shadows to chequer these happy days in the "best old town of all."

The feature of the afternoon was the trip of the Seeing-Princeton bus with Paul Martin at the megaphone. The high spot of the trip was the visit to the Walker-Gordon dairy farm at Plainsboro. Farmer Darlington quickly separated himself from the rest of the party to have a chat with a big Brown Swiss cow whom he knew. We gazed with fascinated attention at the great revolving platform where the cows are milked by an electrical device; the animals seemed wholly contented with their lot in life. Martin explained that the installation was called the rotolactor. A good word, almost reaching the blessed significance of Mesopotamia.

At five o'clock the Class entertained at H. Q. for the ladies of the party and a few outside guests, the latter including Schenck, '80, and Duffield and Van Dyke, '81. The event was down on the agenda as a "tea," but alas! that delightful beverage was not in evidence.

It was revealed that Mrs. Budd had been a caller at H. Q., but the Class was keeping one of its many mass engagements, and only Mrs. Lindsley happened to be in the house to receive the visitor. Too bad!

Since John Hibben had on hand a dinner party of his own the formal Class banquet was postponed to eight o'clock. It was held in one of the small dining rooms at the Graduate College, Seventy-seven meeting for the same purpose in an adjoining apartment. The tables were arranged in the usual form of a Tau cross, and the following men were present: Banister, Barrett, Beattie, Collis, Crew, Cromer, G. B. F. Hallock, Hibben, Hurin, Larkin, Lindsley, McWilliams, Martin, Parker, Peabody, Pierson, Rankin, Rutherford, W. W. Scudder, L. R. Scudder, Sutphen, Westervelt, Welles, and Woods—twenty-four in all. Again we tried some singing, but it was just "some," and we were quite content to eat and chat. There were two notable incidents to mark the event. The first was a gift to Hibben of a handsome Old English silver teapot and salver, Charley Parker making the presentation on behalf of the Class and John acknowledging this evidence of our constant affection in a few well-chosen words. The second unscheduled happening was a short visit by representatives of the Class of Seventy-seven—President John A. Campbell, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, and Henry B. Thompson—for the purpose of conveying their greetings to Eighty-two, with special reference to President Hibben. Dr. Osborn, as the spokesman, emphasized Hibben's services to the University, and congratulated him upon the many achievements during his twenty year term of office. In reply, Hibben spoke feelingly of Osborn's own loyalty and devotion; later on, the President returned the visit in person and paid a fine tribute to the great work done by Thompson as chairman of the Grounds and Buildings Committee and also as head of the committee on the Endowment Fund. Shortly after rejoining us Hibben took his leave, explaining that he had a hard day ahead of him and that he needed his sleep. It was not until the very end of the evening that the true cause of John's departure became generally known; he had received a note from the hospital saying that the examination by the Philadelphia surgeon of Taylor Bryan revealed a serious condition and that his prognosis of the case was not at all favorable; being unwilling to alarm us Hibben had decided to slip away quietly and make a per-

sonal visit to the sick room of our well-loved classmate. Whereupon Vice-president Larkin took charge of the proceedings, and called upon various men to do their bit. Ed Rankin rose to the occasion by reciting a pathetic ode to a well-remembered institution; and George Norton Westervelt delivered himself of a brilliant fantasy whose peculiar rhythm seemed oddly reminiscent. "Browningsque," quoth Parker. "The Ingoldsby Legends," hazarded Crew. But you are wrong both of you, quite quite wrong; the rhythmical pattern in Westy's mind was undoubtedly that of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas."

Both of these effusions are given *in extenso* in the section entitled *Variorum*.

Sutphen read the official Class poem devoted entirely to the memory of those who have passed on—ninety-five in all, including ex-members of our academic group.

## IMMORTELLES

(1878-1932)

There is a port of missing ships,  
A haven safe where storm-tried mariners  
May rest in quiet and well-earned peace,  
Stretching their wearied bodies in the warmth  
Of summer suns, breathing the scented gales  
That blow from far-off fields of thyme and rosemary;  
And there rehearse in calm beatitude  
The high adventures of their golden past,  
Brave chronicles of eld, and ancient odysseys.

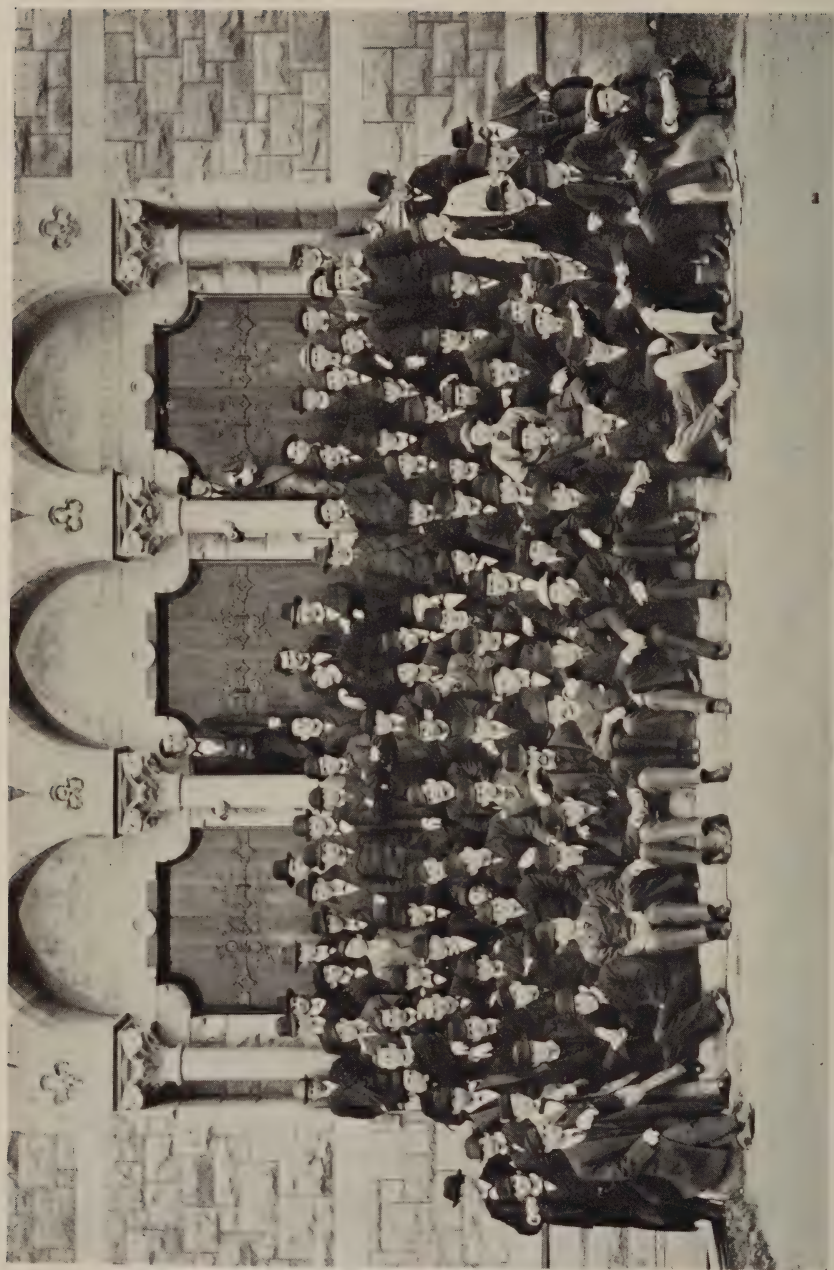
A port of missing ships,  
And why not one of dreams?  
Dreams of our youth when all the world was green,  
And all the paths led upward to the heights,  
Windswept and clean, from which we hoped to view  
The pleasant country of our heart's desire.  
A port of dreams where gallant argosies  
Still strain impatient at their anchor-chains,  
And dim horizons beckon.

But there are recollections dearer yet,  
Of men, not things—brothers, companions, friends—  
With whom we walked a little space  
Upon the road of life; and chief among them,  
The one who wears the martyr's crown.  
I wonder now that never did we see  
In his calm eyes the redd'ning dawn  
Of that fierce sacrificial flame  
In which "JUDGE" TAYLOR's spirit undefiled  
Ascended to the mighty God who gave it.  
And yet the perfume of his life of love  
Still lingers in these academic groves,  
Sweet'ning the ambient air; and each true heart  
Receives a portion of the sacramental grace,  
In which he lived and moved and had his gentle being.

Name after name arises from the gulf of years—  
ELY, the bright embodiment  
Of youth and beauty; like some strange meteor  
Plunging, in dazzling arc of light,  
Across the firmament, then vanishing  
In blackness. Ah, happy youth!  
So early to essay the greatest of adventures.  
And ROOT, who walked along a darkened way,  
Yet never doubted of the Following Love.  
I find his portrait in the *Benedicite*:  
"An holy, yea, an humble man of heart."

RANNEY the brilliant, beloved of the gods;  
And HEMPHILL, instinct with the pride of race;  
WALLACE, a man's own man; DAN YARD,  
A prince of courtesy; and WILSON,  
With his keen wit and soul of honour;  
Big-hearted BUDD, banished to alien halls,  
Yet ever staunch in undivided loyalty  
To his first love, true son of Old Nassau;  
And Gallant MURPHY, comrade of his exile.  
SHOBER, whose vacant chair confronts me now,  
While once again I sense the sudden pain





THE CLASS IN 1878

First Freshman Year Photograph. School of Science Steps

With which I scanned the cold, black lines of print  
That told me of his passing. And I know  
That Princeton skies are not so blue, nor sun so warm  
As in the olden days; and June has fewer roses;  
And twilight's hour is greyer than it used to be—  
In Princeton.

## 1360454

JOHN BRYAN, BENTON, BURT, a trio mighty  
Upon the gridded field; TOLER, whose heart  
Went with his outstretched hand and friendly smile;  
Grave WINTON, cheerful FLICK, STANCHFIELD, the staunch,  
"CHUB" HARRIS, CRITCHLOW, PORCH—remembered well  
For what they did and were, sharp-edged upon the plate  
Whereon our common mem'ries are engraved.  
But as I scan that first official list  
Of Freshman year, the Class of Eighty-two,  
Matriculated with due pomp and circumstances  
At Nassau Hall in seventy-eight, A. D.,  
I pause and wonder; who are these who walk  
In dim procession through the mist of years?  
How hard it is to fit the substance to the shadow,  
Reclothing names, mere names, with flesh and blood!  
Yet these poor shades were once our brothers in the bond  
Of academic sonship; shall we now  
Endeavor to review that ghostly roll,  
In hope that one of us may chance to limn  
A portrait for our gallery? Well, for example,  
KENTWYN DE RENNE, whose stay in Princeton  
Was measured by one passage of the moon,  
A wreath of snow upon the desert's dusty brow,  
Seen for a moment and then gone forever.  
A shy, pale youth, yet on our Freshman nine  
He played at short and third; how passing strange!  
ALFRED M. TERRIBERRY—I only know  
That his name heads the melancholy list  
Of our necrology; his death the very first  
Defection in our ranks; April eleventh, eighteen-eighty,  
Killed by the typhoid scourge of Sophomore year  
Which claimed no less than four of our small number.

DUNNING? The cognomen connotes no solid image  
Of the man. MONTGOMERY? I think we called him "Babe."  
Again, a bulky, ox-eyed youth named LEISENRING;  
And then a trio quite invisible—one H. H. GRAY,  
G. LOWDER, E. K. LEAKHART, Scientif.—  
Names, nought but names! And shadows they remain.

But there are sadder mysteries than these;  
What of the death-in-life, the vanishing  
From sight and ken of men who walked with us  
The full four years? What tragedy was theirs?  
*Imprimis*, WALTER ACKER; on our roll  
His name, considered alphabetically,  
Stood first of all; cold, grim, and taciturn  
To casual gaze, yet deep within the core  
Of his hard nature there were springs of loyalty  
And human kindness, yes and of humour too.  
Now he is gone—sunken without trace.  
Or shall I name one ALLAN PERCY GUYER:  
Who knew him even in our college days?  
His deeds, his personality a blank  
Which none can fill. Where has he gone?  
Perchance he too has passed the Ivory Gates,  
And in some wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world  
His lonely spirit roves; we do not know  
Nor ever shall. O bleeding wounds of time  
That time shall never heal! We turn the page—  
LIBBEY and LAUMAN, MAXWELL, YEAGER, GILL—  
The rest is silence; let us hasten on.

Do you remember DAY, first honor man?  
He came to college with the fixed intent  
To head the Class in scholarship; he did.  
Through four long years, behind his "sporting oak,"  
He toiled upon his task, taking no part,  
Save through the classroom, in our common life.  
Commencement came, his name led all the rest.  
So laden down with honours nobly won  
He went his way, nor ever once returned

To share with us, at Alma Mater's feet,  
Our mem'ries grave and gay. First honour man!  
We knew him and we knew him not. Farewell!

But there are others in our gallery  
Whose portraits stand clear-lined and definite,  
And colored with the very hues of nature.  
Warm-hearted, florid-faced "JIM" RAFFERTY,  
TOM CLARKE, who worshipped at the shrine of art  
And sired the *Tiger*; DAVE MAGIE, the gay  
Adventurer of college days, but who  
Was doomed to flutter fitfully through life,  
A bird with broken wing; WADDELL, whose quips  
And jests of infinite variety  
Supplied the necessary Attic salt  
For any dish of verbal porridge; BLACK,  
Whose stentor voice is echoing still  
Among these ivied halls; SAM LLOYD,  
Whose helping hand and understanding heart  
Were never failing in the hour of need;  
His fitting epitaph: "He was a man!"  
"DAD" WHEELER, M. J. WHITE; "BONES" WITHINGTON,  
Modest of mien and chary in his speech,  
Yet always in the very place where one  
Might hope to find him; JACKMAN, POTTER, SHAW.  
EDGAR the debonair, whose radiant charm  
Sufficed to heal the one and only breach  
That ever threatened to belie the boast  
Of "Eighty-two, the solid through and through."  
The serious GREENE, CHETWOOD, the gentleman,  
CHAPIN, the oldest member of our group,  
JOE WOODRUFF, KINGSLEY whom the jealous Fates  
So early snatched away; SHERWOOD and BARTON  
HARRIS who followed them so closely.  
WILCOX and LARCOMBE and gentle CRAIG;  
LATHROP and ISAAC TAYLOR, SIMPSON, WEST,  
PRENTISS, and FREDDY YOUNG—how fast the list  
Is growing as the years roll by! VAN STONE—  
Few knew him since he lived a life apart,

Too proud to flaunt his penury abroad,  
 Striving to keep together flesh and soul  
 Upon a meagre fare—cold water and potatoes!  
 RALSTON and GUERIN, MARSHALL, MILFORD, GRIER,  
 DUNLAP and DOLAND, SUMMERILL and WILLS,  
 GAYLEY and LIFE and HILLHOUSE, (Eighty-one)—  
 Ah! each remembered name might give us pause,  
 But that our time grows short, we pass—but stay!  
 Two other fond familiars of our youth  
 Present themselves and will not be denied.  
 "SENATOR" BROWNE, to whom a perverse fate  
 Denied the high estate and privilege  
 Of ever coming back to Nassau Hall,  
 Yet whose compelling personality  
 Defied all accidents of time and space,  
 And kept him one with us in close remembrance.  
 And ROWE, who jested with such lightsome art  
 That few of those who chuckled at his gibes  
 E'er thought to penetrate beneath the mask  
 And know the man himself; his was the quiet life  
 Of honourable service to his fellow-men,  
 A ministry of healing and of comfort,  
 And his reward is sure. O Heart of purest gold,  
*Ave et vale! in pace requiescas!*  
 And now the final group to meet the call  
 Since last we journeyed back to Nassau Hall.

BAKER and BOGGS, two strong contrasting types,  
 "PUD" FINE, who waged a brave though losing fight  
 For life and health; ALF MILLS, whose every deed and word  
 Were hall-marked with the guinea stamp of truth;  
 And BICKHAM, who returned in twenty-seven  
 To make amends for many years of absence.  
 HOWELL and BRYANT, CAMPBELL, CHAMBERLIN:  
 Lie light, O Earth, upon their fallen heads!  
 ED ERNST, who bore a cross of burning pain,  
 Yet loved us all and to the very end;  
 McCARTER, generous and leal,  
 The very latest to obey the call,

Of Him who knocks in turn at every door.  
And DWIGHT, "our only Dwight," who stood serene  
Amid the ruins of his shattered world,  
Nor ever bowed his head, nor cried aloud:  
O dear companion of our vanished youth,  
Upon you may the light perpetual shine!  
Safe be your lodging in the House of Peace,  
Defended by the Everlasting Mercy!

One name remains, a name I shall not utter,  
Since no poor speech of mine may fitly voice  
The sense of loss with which we meet tonight;  
Let it be spoken only as we rise  
To hear once more the solemn roster read  
Of our Majority; one single word  
I leave with you: Heed not that empty chair,  
For over there, a scant bowshot away,  
Secure in God's green garth, secure for aye,  
His heart is still in Princeton.

(The Class rose while the secretary read the roll of our dead.)

So the years pass, and each recurring lustrum  
Sees one and yet another of our number  
Withdrawn from sight and sound; ay joined  
To that grey company of bloodless wraiths  
Who wait upon the farther shores of time.  
Less flesh than spirit stands our muster-roll,  
Yet no less potent are the bonds invisible  
Of memory and covenanted faith  
Than that old league of changeless amity,  
Stressed with strange oaths and vows inviolate,  
With which we entered on our common heritage  
In Nassau's glory, virtues, powers, dominions, praise.  
World without end the unseen verities  
Endure; united set we out upon our pilgrimage,  
And even though our decimated files  
Reform again and yet again, the march

Goes on; yes, and it shall not halt  
Until once more united, rank on rank,  
Shoulder to shoulder, step in step we mount  
The massy battlements of that fair citadel  
Whose builder and whose maker is our God.

Jack Hibben made public the following telegram from the Secretary of the Yale Class of 1882 now celebrating its fiftieth reunion in New Haven:

"We the class of '82, Yale, assembled at our fiftieth reunion, send our hearty greetings to the class of '82, Princeton, also celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. May some succeeding class give to its Alma Mater the same distinguished service that you have given."

It was understood that Hibben should make suitable response since the message was addressed to him personally.

Informal speeches were made by Banister, Beattie, Crew, Cromer, Hurin, McWilliams, "Black" Scudder, Welles, and Woods, that of the latter being in especially felicitous vein. It was one o'clock when we finally separated, but the house party at H. Q. kept the ball rolling until well after two.

And so to bed.

**Tuesday.** The day of departure. Charley Parker hailed it with unalloyed delight for now he could cash in on those unused meal tickets—three good luncheons in succession. But alas! when he hurried hopefully to Madison Hall he found that the Commons had been permanently closed; he could choose between buying his own luncheon or partaking of the meagre fare provided at the general Alumni gathering—cakes and (Adam's) ale. He bought his own luncheon.

Since no one had succeeded in passing those Freshman entrance examinations there was no object in attending the Commencement exercises; there would be no honorary LL. D. degrees to give out. Whereupon John Hibben took advantage of our non-participation to cop out one for himself, by way of rounding out his imposing collection of similar honors.

John Larkin devoted the morning to making arrangements for Mrs. Bryan's expected arrival. He had the St. Louis express make

a special stop at the Junction, and also had the train paged at Philadelphia to appaise Mrs. Bryan and her daughter of the plan. He met the arriving party at the Junction and conveyed them by motor to the hospital. The early morning report had been quite optimistic, and we all hoped that the crisis had been passed and that Taylor would soon be on the road to recovery. Alas! we did not know the full truth.

Most of the men went away during the early morning. A few helpful spirits aided in the dismantling of H. Q. and willing hands made light work; by noon the job was finished and Paul Martin went home to get some sleep. John Larkin and your historian were the last to leave the Seminary campus. We partook of a modest luncheon of bacon sandwiches, coffee and White Rock at the student eating joint in the old Trenton trolley station on University avenue, and then I went to the railway station to see John off by the 2:08 train. Following out the ancient tradition I, single handed, heaved J. L. through the open car window, to the no small astonishment of the casual bystanders; yes, there are still giants even in these degenerate days.

This was the final ceremony of our Jubilee Reunion; now it had passed into history.

VAN T. S.

# **PERSONALIA**

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The last series of personal reports appeared in the Forty year book of 1922. In 1927 it was decided to restrict the usual memorial volume to a review of the actual events of the Forty-fifth Reunion, together with the usual necrology and directory. This year a questionnaire was sent out soon after the Reunion to all living members of the Class.

**Banister, James B.**—There is little for me to write for a Class Record. My mediocre ability does not permit of professional or literary accomplishments. However, I stand in the front rank so far as family matters are concerned.

My wife and I celebrated our forty-third wedding anniversary in June, and we have a daughter of whom we are justly proud. First, because she selected from a host of admirers Mr. Dwight Palmer for her life companion, and he has measured up to the highest standard of manhood. Second, because she has given us four grandchildren who are the finest ever. You saw them march with me in the P-rade and add a halo to the Class.

My political leanings have been with the G. O. P., but in local politics the best man for the office is my motto.

I am a staunch believer in the Eighteenth Amendment because of the good it has done and the prospects for the future, but let us hope for better enforcement and do away with the hated boot-legger and speak-easy. No way has yet been devised to improve on the principle of depriving people of what works their harm when they lack the will power to do it for themselves. I hope to vote for Mr. Hoover, but would like to change a lot of Senators and Congressmen.

As to my church affiliation, I have been a member of the Roseville M. E. Church for fifty-two years, and have held a number of official positions, and now am honored by being selected President of the Board of Trustees, which position I have held for several years.

For many years it has been my joy and privilege to invite my classmates to our Country Club to play golf, or if that is too violent exercise, to join us at lunch, and you all know of the happy days we have spent together. We miss some of our golf enthusiasts who have passed on, but let us keep at it as long as there are any to respond to the call.

If I took a course in prophecy it would, no doubt, result in a "condition," so you can appreciate my delicacy in attempting to outline the future, But, D. V., you will see me at our Fifty-fifth Reunion and perhaps other Reunions, and it renews our youth to get in with a bunch of such high class men as '82.

**Barrett, Andrew Linn**—After so many years, and several previous reports, there is little that is new in the career of the average man, whether in the business or professional world, that would be of interest to his friends. At your request, however, "Such as I have, give I thee."

I am still ministering to the ailments, physical and mental, of my fellow human beings. On the side, I am doing my bit as an official of The Medical Association of the Greater City of New York, an organization made up of physicians of the five boroughs composing the present city.

I have been a Presbyterian elder for over thirty-three years—the past twenty in The University Heights Presbyterian Church.

Politically, a Republican, but not a hide-bound one; at present a Hooverite.

I am thankful to say our family circle is still unbroken, and it has been increased since last report, by the arrival of two more grandchildren, Robert Roy O'Loughlin Jr., and Jean Ryerson O'Loughlin.

**Beattie, William E.**—My story is simple and soon told. I retired from all active business in 1923 and traveled during the winter of 1923-1924 along the Mediterranean with Mrs. Beattie and a party of friends, having a most enjoyable time. Neither of us had ever crossed the ocean before. In 1925 we spent the summer touring England and Scotland, having a delightful experience. Again, in 1927, we traveled along the coast of Norway, stopping at Copenhagen, Hamburg, and various points in Holland, Belgium, and

Switzerland. Next we went to Paris, where we arranged to visit most points of interest along the battle fronts, returning to Paris in time to see about 16,000 of the visiting A. E. F. march down the Champs Elysées. This was a most inspiring sight.

In 1925-26 I served a year as president of the Greenville Chamber of Commerce and hope I was able to do some constructive work. I have had no political honors and have written no books. In 1930 I lost the dear companion of my life. Since then everything is greatly changed. Aside from earning a living for myself and my family, to which I gave my best efforts for over forty years, I realize how little I have accomplished that is really worth while, and yet, I have faith in the mercy of God, for He has always been kind and good to me—far more than I deserved.

I have three children and seven grandchildren.

**Clark, Robert K.**—In August, 1882, I started to work in the Clark Thread Company, Newark, N. J., of which my father was General Manager, and served my apprenticeship there, and in about three years was appointed Assistant Manager. I stayed with that concern until 1891 when my father, brother William, and myself organized the Wm. Clark Company and built a mill in Pawcatuck, Connecticut, opposite Westerly, R. I. We operated this plant until 1898 when our company was absorbed by The American Thread Company when that company was organized to take over various thread plants in New England, including the Willimantic Thread Company of Willimantic, Conn., the Merrick and Hadley Company of Holyoke, Mass., the Kerr Thread Company of Fall River, Mass., and others.

After serving a couple of years on the directory of the new company, I was appointed Agent to operate the Holyoke plants with headquarters at Holyoke, Mass., and have been at these plants ever since, up to the present time. Therefore, you will see that my business life was almost entirely spent in the thread business in one capacity or another. At the moment, although my business office is in Holyoke, I live in Springfield, Mass., motoring to work each morning. No special honors have been bestowed upon me, but I have simply tried to do my daily task to the very best of my ability; and although, as you know, I am seventy-two years old, I am still capable of doing my daily stunt with youthful vigor, and hope to continue doing so for a number of years.

The early part of the century, I was devoted to horses, but since the advent of the development of automobiles, they have been given up, and I now use mechanical means for transportation. My pet hobby is golf, and I play it at every opportunity which presents itself and does not interfere with my business arrangements.

On the thirtieth of this month, I will have been married for forty-seven years. Mrs. Clark is still active and in good health, and although we have no children we do seem to get quite a little enjoyment out of life. About all I can say is that my life has not been particularly exciting, although it has been interesting. To sum up, I think I can say I have been of average usefulness in the world, and have enjoyed good health, and my interest in people and things has been abated in the slightest degree.

**Collis, William E.**—Present at Reunion. No report.

**Cooley, Frank D.**—Did not attend the Reunion. No report.

**Cornwall, Francis M.**—Did not attend the Reunion. No report.

**Crew, Henry**—My present job is that of Chief of the Division of Basic Science at the Chicago Exposition, 1933. The main task here is to see that the physical and natural sciences are presented to the American public in proper perspective.

Two years ago I completed thirty-eight years of teaching at Northwestern University and was then granted leave of absence to join the staff of the World's Fair.

As to future plans, I am hoping, as soon as the Chicago Exposition closes, to have an opportunity for travel in Europe, and also sufficient leisure to bring to light one or two scientific classics which are now buried in medieval Latin. If, however, Ringling Brothers' Circus should decide to devote one of their tents to pure science exhibits and should invite me to manage that particular tent, I may remain in the show business.

As to honorary degrees and that sort of thing, I have received none since our fortieth Reunion in 1922. For two years I was President of the American Association of University Professors, known to most college presidents as the "Professors Union." The fact is, however, that the association has a membership of more

than ten thousand and wields a powerful, though quiet, influence in the academic life of America.

As to books, I plead guilty to only two since our fortieth Reunion—one is a popular sketch entitled “The Rise of Modern Physics,” (Williams and Wilkins: 1928). The other is a text book on “Mechanics for Students of Physics and Engineering,” (The Macmillan Co.: 1930), where I am joint author with my colleague K. K. Smith. To relieve the aridity of the subject we close the volume with a chapter on “Waves in Water.” The last sentence reads somewhat as follows:

“To the engineer and to those who go down to the sea  
in ships these wave-problems are matters of life and  
death, while to the poet and the artist they are the sea  
dancing to its own music.”

The names of our children are: Mrs. Alice H. Baker, Chevy Chase, Maryland; Miss Mildred Crew, Evanston, Illinois, and Professor William H. Crew, New York University, University Heights, New York City. Mrs. Baker is the mother of three children.

As to church affiliations, I am a member of Friends Meeting at Wilmington, Ohio; but I attend the Methodist Church in Evanston, Illinois. As one approaches the end of the trail the doctrinal differences of the various denominations impress him as utterly childish. Is not the common meeting ground of them all found in Micah VI: 8?

In politics, independent.

Summarizing, I have just completed forty-three years of university teaching and during the latter half of this period have discovered that after all no man ever educates anyone except himself.

The best thing in life—the fellowship of a few friends who have never gone back on you.

**Cromer, Jeremiah C.**—Going back to the *Trigintennial Record* I find that I must now subtract from it the name of my wife, May Miner Cromer, who died June 14, 1932. I can add the names of four grandchildren to the list: Ellen C. Sage, Richard C. and Janet Barr, and Martha Lois Cromer; the children respectively of the two daughters, Edna and Ruth, and of the son, J. Miner Cromer. The other daughter, Mary, makes home for me here and gives much needed support in many ways. As for honors they are, alas! not

many. I earned two degrees, I suppose, an A. B. from Princeton and a B. D. from Yale. Princeton generously offered to give me an A. M. at the Commencement of 1885, in recognition of the three years of study in Theology at Yale, if I would appear there to receive it. As this was not convenient for me I never got the degree. For two years in succession just before the World War, I won the annual golf tournament on the links of the State University of South Dakota. I hereby give notice to Martin, Sutphen, Crew, Banister, *et al*, that when the Class meets again I mean to be in the running for honors at golf. I am in active training for it. As for church I have been a Congregationalist ever since my student days. My politics are mostly Republican. Shall vote for Hoover for several reasons. I want to keep his hand on things through the time of these troubled world conditions. Also I desire the continuance and enforcement of Prohibition. I have a good eighty-acre farm, left me by my parents, out here in Indiana. Around it my dreams of wealth and success have gathered persistently all the while that I have grown poor and farm prices have been sinking toward the zero scale. Anyhow son and I have the satisfaction of knowing that we help to feed the rest of you with our fine hogs and pure milk. Just eat, drink, and be happy on the withheld returns for our hard labor. For diversion and the quieting of my spirit I read philosophy, with some other topics mixed in occasionally. An Englishman, John Cowper Powys, who but recently came within my purview, has a little book setting forth a philosophy that helps me much. But this must suffice, perhaps, until we can meet again as a Class, and may be until that time, or no time, or an eternity, where "the what and the whence and the whither," will cease from troubling any of us.

**Darlington, Charles F.**—I have not much of interest, which I can write you, for my life has been very uneventful. From time to time I have sent a brief statement of all the salient facts and events which have come into my life, for each Reunion Record which the Class has published. There is little which I can add at this time to that which I have already furnished and which has been published. My good wife and I are interested in charitable and religious work, when at home, and we very much enjoy traveling.

Our son, Charles Francis Jr., is married and has a responsible

position in the Bank for International Settlements at Basel, Switzerland. Our daughter, Caroline Craig, graduated from Vassar College last June and is at home with us, unmarried. We have no grandchildren.

**Denby, Charles**—My history for the past ten years requires no long narration. *Who's Who in America* gives the statistical data. My wife and I have lived, with some sojourns elsewhere, at our home, 2329 California St., N. W., Washington; spending the summers at our club in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

China, for three decades the scene of my work, has ceased to interest me in an active business sense. I have in fact sold my holdings in the three public utility companies which I promoted there, as I have small confidence in the modern government, and I have not visited the country since 1926. Heretofore I had been sent occasionally by the United States Government and by large commercial houses to China to make certain investigations and reports; and I may add that, should occasion offer, I should not be averse to further such missions.

Literary work has occupied me sporadically only. I have advanced in *The North American Review* (1926) and elsewhere some ideas as to China, and in *The Michigan History Magazine* a brief account of some researches into the meaning of Indian tribal names. The fact is that I see so much of uncalled-for printing that I have no desire to add to the output.

As to business activity I am on the Board of Directors of the Munsey Trust Company in Washington, but have no other business connection beyond my own investments. I am president of The Annapolis Roads Club, a country club on Chesapeake Bay, member of the Huron Mountain Club, Marquette County, Michigan, and other clubs in Washington and China.

Like many others, I last year found the financial depression embarrassing and came to France to tide it over. I shall remain indefinitely in Europe at various attractive resorts. I have two sons resident in Europe: one, James Orr Denby, Secretary of the American Legation at Dublin, Ireland, and Edwin Denby interested in theatrical matters; now living at Berlin. They visit us occasionally which gives my wife and myself a touch of family life.

Other data called for by you as follows:

I am a Republican, pro-Hoover; Episcopalian, (High Church); seventy years old; good health and taking life as it comes.

We have three sons. James Orr Denby, American Diplomatic Service, now stationed at Dublin; he married Phyllis Cochran of Philadelphia and has two sons. Charles Denby Jr., attorney at law, Philadelphia; he married Rosomond Reed of Washington, D. C., and has two sons. Edwin Orr, Denby, not married. I have, therefore, four grandsons.

My views as to civilization and social problems are not, I imagine, different greatly from those of other men who, like myself, have—as the Chinese say—"waded through seven decades without accomplishing much."

**Elmer, Matthew K.**—You can see from my previous Reunion reports that my address has been the same ever since my graduation from Princeton with the Class of 1882.

I took my degree of M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1885. After serving one year as resident physician in St. Mary's Hospital, I commenced my professional career in my native city, Bridgeton, N. J. in 1886. I continued in active practice up to 1931; making forty-five years devoted to a busy professional life, and can say I have decided to give up the active work gradually and devote my time to other interests.

I have no special honors to boast of, only those that can be reasonably expected in the line of my profession.

In looking back over these years I recall some of the following offices that it has been my privilege to fill: President, Cumberland Co. Medical Society; member, American Medical Association; member, American Academy of Medicine; member, Philadelphia Medical Club; member, U. S. Pension Examining Board; member, Surgical Staff, Bridgeton Hospital; member, during World War, Medical Advisory Board. Also some civic offices in my line of work.

I am now a director of the Cumberland National Bank, a vestryman of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, and a member of our Historical Society.

The latch string is always open to any member of the Class of '82.

**Emmons, Horace H.**—Did not attend the Reunion. No report.

**Gabriel, Charles V.**—Since 1910 have led the quiet, uneventful life of a retired attorney.

I have three children living, Albert H. Gabriel, M. D., 418 West Main Street, Plymouth, Pa.; Lt. Gerald J. Gabriel, D. D. S., stationed at Ft. Benning, Ga., U. S. A. Dental Corps; and Mrs. Mackendra B. Smith, Sunbury, Pa. Have one grandchild, Mary Kennard Gabriel, Ft. Benning, Ga.

**Goloknath, Henry**—Did not attend the Reunion. No report.

**Hallock, G. B. F.**—I trust that in growing older I have become more modest. It does not seem best to burden the book or the remaining members of our Class with a long account of myself.

For more than forty-two years we have lived in the same house and served the same church. Having given up the active office in Brick Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y., the good people of the congregation saw fit to make me Assistant Pastor Emeritus for life. I have discovered no difference in my duties and work as hard as ever—because I like it. Mine is the longest pastorate in the city. I have married 1,831 couples, conducted 2,406 funerals, as also the usual preaching and pastoral work. My first pastorate, at Scottsville, near by, was five years; so I have been over 47 years in the ministry, and have missed but one non-vacation Sunday by illness. I have edited our parish magazine, *Brick Church Life*, for thirty-nine years; was editor several years of *The Expositor*, of Cleveland, Ohio, a homiletic magazine for ministers; have edited for eight years and still edit an annual homiletic volume entitled *Doran's Ministers Manual*; also have had published ten books of my own writing, and edited and had published fifteen others. (The full list is in *Who's Who in America*. My degrees and other salient facts are recorded in that ever-available biographical volume.)

Our son, Archibald Cobb Hallock, has two sons, Archibald Cobb Hallock, Jr. and Richard Reid Hallock, both preparing for college. We have twin daughters, Marianna Cobb Hallock and Adelia Cobb Hallock, the latter now for eight years a missionary in China. Marianna is with us at home. We have visited Palestine, Egypt and Mediterranean ports twice, and toured Europe three times. With pleasurable ease I drive my own auto and we have visited Florida, New England, Canada, California, and points between.

It is still true, as I said in our Reunion Record of 1922, that my wife continues to bear with me, and my daughters are indulgent.

It is with deep sorrow that I must record the death of my closest brother and '82 classmate, Rev. Robert C. Hallock, D. D. His death, as all the classmates know, occurred on Friday of the same week of our Class Reunion—June 24, 1932—at his home in Valatie, N. Y. He was in his seventy-fifth year. The entire family circle appreciate the many expressions of sympathy received from members of '82, including especially that from the President of the Class and President of the University, Dr. Hibben. My brother's life was a happy one, filled with useful and appreciated service to others. He leaves behind, his wife, four sons and four daughters; also seven brothers and three sisters.

**Hibben, John Grier**—The list of my honorary degrees is as follows: LL.D. Lafayette, 1907; LL.D. Rutgers, 1912; Litt. D. Columbia, 1912; LL.D. Pennsylvania, 1912; LL.D. Yale, 1913; LL.D. Brown, 1914; LL.D. Pittsburgh, 1917; LL.D. Harvard, 1917; LL.D. Toronto, 1919; LL.D. McGill, 1921; LL.D. Princeton, 1932.

I have only one child, Elizabeth Grier Hibben, who married Professor Robert M. Scoon, of the Department of Philosophy at Princeton. There is one grandchild, John Grier Hibben Scoon, who is now at Lawrenceville School. I have been a Republican, although not always consistent in the discharge of my political duties and privileges. I am a Presbyterian.

We are sailing on Saturday on the *Georgic* and expect to spend some time in England and then on to France and Switzerland, working down to Italy, with our distant objective Sicily. We hope to return about Thanksgiving time and will then be in our old, and new, home at 19 Cleveland Lane, Princeton, N. J.

**Hughes, Edward S.**—I was shocked and distressed when I saw the notice of Taylor Bryan's death in the papers. It must have cast a gloom over the Reunion so cherished otherwise.

I hardly know how to report in answer to the inquiry. I have led a very enjoyable active business life with moderate success and in quite a broad field of operation. However, I have been having some pretty rough seas to negotiate for the past two years.

I have a very warm place in my heart for '82, and cherish sincerely the associations and friendships of over half a century.

**Hurin, Silas E.**—At present I am practising law at Toledo at 1125 Nicholas Building, Toledo, Ohio. I hope to continue the practice as long as I can hold out. I do not wish to retire and rust out.

I graduated from Princeton with the degree of A. B. Three years later I was told that I had been given the degree of A. M. but I have never received a certificate to prove that fact. In 1885 I graduated from the Cincinnati Law School, now a part of the University of Cincinnati, with a degree of LL.B. These are all of my scholastic honors.

I have never written any books and have no intention of doing so. A few of my written opinions are to be found in the Ohio Circuit Court reports, but are not worth looking for.

I have been twice married but have never had any children.

Have been a lifelong Republican but am ready to vote for any candidate of any party who appears to me to be a better man. Have usually done so in the past except as to Presidential candidates.

I have never been a "Joiner" and do not belong to any fraternities. Am a director in the local Historical Society of North-Western Ohio, and have been connected with various sociological and archaeological and world peace societies, etc., which I am now dropping as fast as dues become due.

Have been for many years an elder in the Presbyterian church which I have represented three times as a commissioner to the General Assembly and often in its lower courts, Presbytery, and Synod.

I am a trustee of the Presbyterian State Board of Home Missions, also of the Toledo Presbytery, a member of the Judicial Commission of Ohio Synod, and hold other church offices but no political positions.

For five or more years I have been chairman of the Toledo World Court Committee, and am at the present time chairman of the "Allied Defenders of the 18th Amendment of Northwestern Ohio."

These are my chief hobbies and take a good deal of my time. I occasionally attempt to enlighten the public on these last two subjects.

I have graduated from tennis and golf both of which I used to en-

joy, and now take no out of doors exercise except walking, probably five miles a day. I find that this keeps me in fairly good physical condition. I still enjoy a game of chess but have never been an expert player.

Looking back over my life work I find little to be proud of altho I have generally been busy. My six years on the Circuit Court bench gave me the greatest enjoyment, and I worked harder then than ever before or since. It is now, of course, only a memory, and my life work seems to me very trifling as compared with the accomplishments of Lew Scudder, George Pierson, Crew, Hibben, Parker, and others of the Class of whom we may all well be proud.

**Larkin, John**—In answer to your questionnaire—at least in part—what I am doing now is precisely what I have been doing for many years—practising law. I have no plans other than to continue so doing. Most of your questions require me to answer, "No." Why don't you also ask the members of the Class when they were Presidents of the United States or Governors of their respective States? You might just as well as to ask embarrassing questions about degrees and books.

My chance for an LL.D. (I have all the others) was missed at our last Reunion—with other members of the Class—when John Hibben promised that degree to any of us who could pass our Freshman examinations. We poked over the papers and then gave it up.

As to politics, I was in that game once only. Years ago the Wilson administration endeavored to organize an opposition to Tammany in New York State, and accordingly supported an independent ticket in the primaries. When my back was turned—by that I mean while I was at Lake Champlain playing golf for a few days with our old friend George Harvey—I was nominated for Attorney-General. The present Democratic candidate for the Presidency was nominated for U. S. Senator. Nothing happened. Tammany won. No time nor inclination for politics. My doctrine, however, regarding political parties is—now, and has been for years—to vote always against the party in power. If more people would follow my rule there would be fewer scandals as well as shorter periods of disastrous financial conditions in these United States. (Think that over, Billy.)

As to personalia, golf has ceased to hold my interest. It takes too much time to play it even moderately well, so that I have passed it by and tennis also. When the mood comes I mess around with paints; this I have found to be intensely absorbing. Also music takes much of my time and is the most stimulating and inspiring hobby of all. Collecting old Latin dictionaries, old Latin grammars and Mediaeval histories or chronicles has become a disease. All these are more or less counter-irritants to the trials of daily work.

On vacation I ferret out places abroad where history was made and the best examples of architecture may be found.

After reading the foregoing banal and colorless account of my doings, my hope is that my classmates will supply the color; in this I am sure I will not be disappointed.

I have only one son now—John A. Larkin; my oldest son, Francis, died last December.

Following are the names of my grandchildren—of which the first named is now partly in Princeton; and, if all goes well, will graduate at our Fifty-fifth: Yoakum Larkin, Henrietta Alice Larkin, Ida Louise Larkin, John A. Larkin, Bessie Larkin, Peter Alexander Larkin.

**Lindsley, Charles A.**—In reply to the recent questionnaire I regret to say that I have nothing of importance to report for the last ten years.

1. Religion. I still retain my membership in the Old First Presbyterian of Orange but retired sometime ago from all active service, after doing double duty for over thirty years as treasurer of the Board of Trustees and also as clerk of Session.

2. Politics. I am still a Republican, though very lukewarm as I am growing to think that both parties are dyed with the same pigment, have little of real issues to separate them, and are both principally after the offices rather than the true interests of the people.

3. Business. I am still attempting to carry on as a fuel merchant in a firm which is now in its one hundred and twenty-sixth year with the third generation rapidly nearing its finis. I have recently added fuel oil to our line in the slender hope that it may help to carry on to the next generation represented by my youngest son; but who can tell?

4. Social activities. None so far as club life is concerned.
5. Hobbies and amusements. None of the former and automobiling only of the latter, now well on my third lap around the equator as to distance; also an occasional friendly game of contract.
6. Civics. I am a member of Kiwanis, and at present chairman of its local committee on Education. I am vice-president of the East Orange Protective Association and in my thirty-first year as treasurer of the New England Society of the Oranges. I am a member of Orange Chapter of Sons of the American Revolution and at present registrar thereof.
7. Family. Mrs. L. and myself will soon celebrate our thirty-ninth wedding anniversary. We have three children, Eldredge Decker, Elinor (Mrs. Robert W. Hendee), and Laurence Alfred. We have five grandchildren: Lois and Charles Lindsley, children of Eldredge, living at Drexel Hill, Pa.; Elizabeth and Martha, children of Elinor Hendee, living at Tulsa, Oklahoma; and Elinor Lindsley, child of Laurence, at Orange.

**Martin, Paul**—I am the son of Edwin Wells Martin and Narcissa McCurdy Martin, born April 21, 1862 at Ashland, Kentucky. Brother of Chalmers Martin, '79. Educated at Dr. Pingry's School in Elizabeth, New Jersey; received my A. B. at graduation in '82, and A. M. in course from Princeton University in 1914. Graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1886 and, as Fellow in Hebrew of the Seminary, studied at Berlin and at Halle, Germany, 1887-88. Ordained Presbyterian ministry 1888. Pastor of Knox Church, Omaha, Nebraska, 1888-9 and Presbyterian Church, Palisades, New York, 1890-99. Promoter of Foreign Missions and literary work, 1900-1905. Registrar and secretary of the faculty at Princeton Theological Seminary, 1906-32; having reached the age limit of service, then made emeritus. Married Lucy Gilman Abbott, May 11th, 1891. She died on March 19th, 1921. We had two children, Willard, born in 1893 and a daughter, Ellen Abbott, who died in infancy. Willard for a part of the course was a member of the class of 1918, Princeton University. He has three children, Elizabeth, Philip, and Nancy. Married Catherine Mary Reeve, December 14th, 1927.

The annals of my life are simple. My father and mother were ideal Christian parents and every recollection of childhood is a

happy memory. I count Dr. Pingry to have been one of the great school-masters and to have been under his influence for five years a benediction. I probably came to Princeton College younger than I should have done and did not take its educational advantages seriously enough, but had a wholesome, happy time of development. The course in the Theological Seminary proved much more absorbing and interesting. The study in Europe was an enlarging influence. My career as a pastor was marred by constant throat trouble which made preaching difficult and finally brought pastorates to an end. The twenty-six years spent in Princeton Seminary have been happy ones in the companionship of the faculty and the succeeding generations of students, and in friendships so formed with these graduates and the ministry at large. My home life has been full of rare privilege and domestic happiness. Princeton has been a good place to live in and the fellowship with members of the faculties of the University and Seminary and with its other good people has been an enlarging experience.

I took up golf some twenty years ago and attribute improvement of health and the vitality of later years partly to it and partly to the constant contact and fellowship with youth. To be asked to succeed Ed. Simons as Secretary of the Class of '82 was at once an honor and a task from which one shrank. The cordial acceptance of my incumbency by the members of the class and their ready co-operation in the fulfilment of its responsibilities and the closer intimacy with the fellows which it has brought, have given abundant reward for the labors of the office.

Though I have reached seventy years I seem to have too much health and vigor to enter upon the leisure of retirement and hope to find some useful service for the Kingdom of God to occupy me for several years to come. My retrospect upon my seventy years of life is perhaps best expressed by the repeated phrase of Nehemiah: "By the good hand of our God upon us."

**McWilliams, James A.**—My personalia must be brief because there is but little behind it of more than passing interest to any one beyond the family circle. Five years ago I retired from active service in the Presbyterian Church and settled here in my old parish where I will probably remain until the class-roll is called "up yonder." I have attained neither honorary degrees nor the distinction of

writing learned books, though this period of rest has enabled me to do a lot of good reading. I am engaged only in local religious work. My crown jewels, including Mrs. McWilliams, are my seven children and fifteen grandchildren, some of whom are heading for Princeton.

Isabelle, my oldest daughter, married Walter L. Johnson '97, chairman of the Graduate Council; Dr. Norman B. (Princeton '09) McWilliams of Williamstown, Mass.; Mrs. Irene T. Potter; Mrs. Alice B. Geer; J. Kenneth McWilliams; Mrs. Francis E. Smith, and Miss Eleanor McWilliams, are all adding to the pride and pleasure of my riper years. And the best is yet to be. "Before us even as behind, God is, and all is well."

**Parker, Charles W.**—The last instalment of "The Story of My Life" as Augustus J. C. Hare modestly phrased it, was contained in the 1922 Reunion book, and covered the date of the removal of my home from Jersey City to Morristown in the fall of 1921. During the next ten years family life went on quietly and happily. Two sons were married. My daughter, whom the classmates may remember as attending the 1922 Reunion, graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1927. The youngest child, Robert, who may also be remembered as a boy of eleven or twelve at the 1922 Reunion, went in due time to Princeton and graduated with honors in geology in 1931. Now he is working in a bank.

But from the judicial standpoint the ten years have been full of high adventure. We read of lawyers being translated from the "turmoil of active practice" to the "judicial repose of the bench." I have seen very little repose, judicial or otherwise, in a quarter of a century in our State Supreme Court. During the last decade, in addition to the ceaseless and exacting grind of appellate work, there have been a number of murder trials, two of which deserve special mention here; one "clean-up" of scandalous conditions in the prosecutor's office; and one municipal investigation leading to startling political developments—all involving great responsibility and harrowing anxiety.

The Janet Lawrence murder case in Morris County, 1921-2, consisted of the indictment and acquittal of a man who will be called John Doe; the principal defence, organized and financed by a group of citizens, being that another, who will be called Richard Roe, was the really guilty party. Then Roe was indicted, and the

defence was that Doe had committed the crime. Roe was also acquitted. Not long afterwards there was a libelous signed article in a newspaper, in effect accusing the sheriff, the prosecutor, and the Attorney-general of conspiracy to convict the innocent Doe in order to shield the guilty Roe. An indictment for libel followed, and the newspaper and writer of the article were convicted. But throughout all this, public feeling was so intense that trial juries had to be imported from another county.

Then came the Hall-Mills murder case, which literally was of world-wide newspaper celebrity from the very outset. The murder was committed in 1922. While the grand jury was investigating I took a steamer trip to escape the reporters, and in Havana found in the local newspaper pictures of Mr. Hall's choir, Mrs. Gibson's mule, and the county detective of Somerset County. No indictment was then found, and the case slept for four years, but in 1926 was a front-page sensation for at least two months. The trial in November, 1926, was a month of heart-breaking anxiety and responsibility for the trial judge, though he was a mere lay figure in the picture. In Frederick Allen's recent book, "Only Yesterday" he is not even mentioned by title, let alone by name, and the picture of the trial scene excludes both judge and jury.

In the interregnum of the Hall case came the Morris County scandal. Charges of malfeasance in the prosecutor's office; a deputy of the Attorney-general sent to take charge; a special grand jury; some seventy-five indictments against the prosecutor; his trial, conviction and sentence, appeal and affirmance, and disbarment—all this involved a mass of detail and continued responsibility running over months and years.

Finally, in 1930, a situation developed in Bergen County which created a political scandal of the first magnitude. On the application of citizens pursuant to a statute, an investigation was ordered, and facts were disclosed which reflected seriously on the State Senator. The Senate itself took up the matter, and after a full hearing, voted unanimously to expel the Senator in question from membership in that body; but adverse influences have blocked the finding of such indictments as would reach the root of the trouble, and against these influences, and also the deplorable lack of interest in local affairs, mainly of the commuter element, I fear little headway can be made.

So on the whole it will be seen that the "judicial repose" of the bench is not what it is cracked up to be.

**Peabody, Ward C.**—You have asked me to send you a brief account of my career, past and present, since graduation, for our Fiftieth Reunion Record. Therefore, I shall endeavor to comply with your request and turn historian.

Looking back over the vista years since that memorable day in June, 1882, when we received our diplomas and stepped out of Princeton into the wide, wide world, I shall outline my career, giving the important facts; and the fact that this record is an autobiography will excuse its personal nature.

After graduation I was offered a position in the Princeton University Library, which I held for two years. During that time I studied Greek with Professor Orris and wrote a thesis on "Plato's Philosophy," by which I acquired my A. M. Then I entered the Union Theological Seminary, where I studied for three years and passed my examination for license and ordination, including a Latin thesis on "De Incarnatione". Thus I gained the right to place "Reverend" before my name.

I preached for forty years in various churches in various places, my longest and best parishes being Wilson, New York; Augusta, New York; Hampton, New Jersey, and Waddington, New York.

During the latter part of my last pastorate I had some trouble with my eyes, suffering from nerve strain, and decided to retire. In considering a place in which to make my future home, my choice was decided by my desire to be near Princeton. So I had a house built in Lawrenceville, New Jersey, and there I am settled very happily, enjoying peace, rest, and leisure to muse over the past; enjoying the present and looking toward the future with hope; reading, visiting my friends, taking long walks, and going often to Princeton to stroll over the campus and revive the old memories and associations of the yester years of happy college days when we were all boys together. And yet, when I look at old Nassau Hall and Reunion Hall, I say somewhat sadly, as Wordsworth remarked when he visited the hills and lakes of North England that he loved so well, the scene of his happy boyhood days: "You are the same; you have not changed; but *I* have."

But the brightest of my emotions are the thought that Princeton is my Alma Mater and my gratitude that it is my privilege to belong to the great and glorious Class of '82, to which I ever yield my loyalty, love, and devotion.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,  
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled.  
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

**Peebles, Thomas**—I had a card from Westervelt and, as I understand it, you want to complete some work on the Class Record. Now I never received any letter, and I don't know just where it is and what it may contain, but I surmise that it contained very explicit directions. I suppose you will want to know first of all whether I have written any books. I have not and I was disposed to add thereto the words, thank God! But I remembered your very acceptable book on "The Way of the Cross" and also your other books which I admired very much. I remember your short stories, and your long one in which you brought in Elmen-dorf, and I enjoyed that one very, very highly. I also recall books by Jack Hibben. I believe they are all very sound and quite logical, but unfortunately I did not buy any in which he disclosed his own theories, and I regret that very much. I also hear that Jack Larkin published an essay on the Sherman law which I regret never to have seen.

I remember Taylor Bryan very well, and I last time parted with him in the lobby of the then Princeton Inn, where he and I were. I regret very deeply his passing.

The other details are that I got married—on July 14, 1886, I think—and I have two sons. They are called Tom and Hugh.

**Pierson, George P.**—After forty years of happy service in Mission work in Japan, according to the rules of our Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, I was retired in 1928, and we came back to America. Since then, with something of the sensations of strangers and pilgrims, we have been living variously in Elizabeth, Princeton, and Philadelphia. We have, so to speak, been putting forth uncertain leaves and fruit, as does a transplanted tree, with nipped rootage, in unfamiliar soil.

In 1888 I went to the Theological Seminary in Tokyo as a teacher, but was soon led into rural evangelistic work, in the latter course of which—much to my surprise—I found myself engaged during the evenings in literary work. This labor, of absorbing interest, re-

sulted in annotations on the New Testament and later on the whole Bible; these notes and definitions, published with the Text, being compilations from the standard commentaries. For two years I was out in the Province of Chiba near Tokyo and for another two years in Inwate Province sixteen hours North. Then for thirty-five years in my Island—for map of which see x-ray of my cardiac regions—where, married now, I toured to outlying stations as pastor to evangelists, gave out tracts *en route*, preached and taught and walked and walked and walked with all the joy of a pioneer, watching the little chapels grow into churches.

Since coming home I have been working on “Word Studies in the Greek New Testament”, which I am now having translated into Japanese.

A little book of sketches of the work of a missionary in the country, called “The Call of Rural Japan”, I printed three or four years ago.

In 1912, at the time of our thirtieth Reunion, I received from Princeton the degree of D. D.

I have always been grateful that my lot was cast in Princeton and in that decade of Princeton when the traditions of the Fathers still prevailed; when realism stabilized our thinking, fortifying us against the vain imaginations of the new century; when the doctrine of free-agency satisfied the convictions of our actual experiences and held us to sanity amidst the non-sequiturs of e. g. behaviorism; and when Theism met the needs of our souls; and the universe, physical, mental, and moral, found its centre in Christ.

What was confirmed to us in the class-rooms of Dickinson Hall was further confirmed to me during my forty years' sojourn in the spiritual wilderness of the Far East. There I learned once and forever the peril of the pride of reason. The lesson that Asia teaches, from West to East, and North to South, is the disaster of rejecting revealed montheism for fallen human reason. For, doubtless, Asia was once possessed with the knowledge of God, but exchanging that for the light of reason, found herself in an endless maze and perpetual gloom. There is nothing so cosmically pathetic as the fading away of the true Light of the Near East into the glimmerings of the mid-continent, and that into the gross darkness of the Far East. My “summing up” then religiously is this: Let the Revelation erst given the West from the East be given back

by the West to the East, and let the West be warned to make no exchange of its Revelation for the reason of the East, seeing that it has led the East into atheism, fatalism, pantheism, pessimism.

How do I sum up socially? No action can longer alone solve its problems. No one nation can solve the problems of the world. The world cannot solve its own problems. Minorities in the Christian nations are making heroic efforts so to do, but the happy age is coming when "Christianity will be tried", when Christ Himself is coming to see that it is tried and to make it succeed.

How do I sum up politically? What I am religiously I am socially, and what I am socially I am politically. Therefore the way to real reform starts with the Church.

Thus speaks the foreign missionary—the happiest man on earth, because, however unworthy, still in the place of highest privilege. He asks no commiseration; there are superabundant compensations. In my little corner I met the Japanese on the level, as man to man and I found a response. As I measured to them, it was measured to me again. I had little to tell them educationally, for they have gone to the limit in their perfected school system; nor economically, for they are past-masters in the contented, simple life. But I had all to tell them religiously. It is a fearsome, joyous life. As Judge Taylor wrote me when I was starting in: "I believe with all my soul in foreign missions."

**Rankin, Edward S.**—I am still in the Engineering Department of the City of Newark, where I have been continuously since 1887, my title now being "Division Engineer". In addition to this I am secretary of the "Joint Meeting", a commission having charge of the construction and maintenance of an outlet sewer for eleven municipalities in Essex and Union Counties; also secretary and treasurer of the Second River Joint Meeting, a similar commission comprising seven other municipalities in Essex County. The future is on the knees of the gods, but I hope to be able to continue for a while yet with this work.

I have written two small books, "Indian Trails and City Streets" and "The Running Brooks", short historical sketches of Newark, a limited number of which have been placed in the public schools. Since the first of the year I have been editing the "Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society," a quarterly magazine.

Children living, Russell B. Rankin and Edith J. Rankin. Grandchildren, Anne S. Rankin and William D. Rankin.

Traditionally a Republican, but more or less independent. Also traditionally a Presbyterian, but usually attend the Congregational church as being more conveniently located. Member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, American Society for Testing Materials, and Past President of the American Society of Municipal Engineers. Trustee of the New Jersey Historical Society.

**Reiber, Aaron E.**—Present at Reunion. No report.

**Rutherford, Livingston**—I took my LL. B. at the Albany Law School in 1891. I am a member of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New Jersey; also a life member of the New Jersey Historical Society, and vice-president of the Board of Proprietors of East Jersey.

My published writings include: "Family Records and Events", De Vinne Press, N. Y., 1894. "John Peter Zenger, His Trial and a Bibliography of Zenger Imprints", Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., 1904.

**Scudder, Lewis R.**—Present at Reunion. No report.

**Scudder, William W.**—There is not much to add to the Fortieth Class Record account of my "doings." After serving as New York Secretary of the American Board for four years, I came out to California again to be near our children, accepting the pastorate of the Congregational Church of La Mesa. Some five years later, on reaching the retiring age of three score and ten, I resigned and moved to Whittier, California, where we are making our home, and where four of our six children reside. The roster runs as follows:

Joy Wm. Lewis Scudder. Principal Junior High School, Seattle, Washington; wife, Edith Burton.

Beth North Scudder, living with us. Occupation, real estate.

Kenyon Judson Scudder, Whittier, California. Chief Probation Officer of Los Angeles City and County; wife, Rebecca Jewett; son, Franklin Fairbanks.

Katherine Scudder Gray. Whittier, California; husband, Paul R. Gray. Three children, Barbara, and twins, Janice and Jacqueline.

Norman Clark Scudder, Detroit, Mich. Lumber; wife, Alice Bushnell; child, Joan.

Faith Scudder, living with us. Business, secretary of Whittier Realty Company.

I received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Whitman College in 1915.

In politics, I'm a rover, having voted every ticket in the field, as occasion demanded. I am an enthusiastic League of Nations internationalist, an uncompromising dry, and a firm believer in the Eighteenth Amendment as the most wholesome and efficient law Congress ever passed.

Gardening and tennis are my recreations.

My church affiliations have always been in the Congregational fold and in that following I expect to expend my remaining energies in promoting the realm of Christ.

**Sutphen, W. G. van Tassel**—My work during the past ten years has been done along the lines of my earlier life. I am still acting as literary adviser to Harper & Brothers, and I have added two books to my published list—"King's Champion" and "The Sermon On the Cross." Also I have weathered two serious attacks of illness, and only this spring I had a pair of tonsils removed whose poison had been undermining my health and efficiency for several years. Now that this handicap has been removed I hope to begin again on a book which I started two years ago and had to lay aside. The tentative title is: "A Gospel According to St. Nathanael," and it is intended to be a portrayal of the work and personality of Jesus from the standpoint of a Modernist thinker of the first century. Little or nothing is known of Nathanael, and so I may use some literary license in depicting him; I show him as being devoted to the Master on personal grounds, but entirely skeptical of His divine nature; it is only little by little that he comes to the full realization of Jesus as the God-Man.

As reported in the *Quadragesimial Record*, I took Holy Orders as a deacon in the Episcopal Church in 1921, and was advanced to the priesthood in 1923. Officially, I am curate of St. Peter's Church in Morristown, N. J., where Charley Parker is the Junior Warden, but I still earn my living in my secular vocation. In politics I am an independent Democrat, and my principal avo-

cations are golf and Church music. I received the honorary degree of A. M. from Princeton in 1926.

**Terhune, Henry S.**—It is an admirable exhibition of spirit, on the part of our Class Historian, that he should ask a man who has been out of college for half a century what his future plans may be. Well, after graduating from the New Jersey Senate and later from the Bench of the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals; also having enjoyed for a considerable period, the most lucrative law practice in the County of Monmouth, my present ambition is to train my voice to such a degree that when I join the Heavenly Choir there will be no appreciable discord.

**Warfield, Ethelbert D.**—It was with poignant regret that I had to forego the long expected Fiftieth Reunion. Our own Commencement and certain necessary duties in connection with the meeting of the Synod of Pennsylvania made it impossible for me to come. I have been engrossed in the trial of a will case for months in which Wilson College hoped to secure the benefit of the income of a million dollars. The last hearing was in May and the Court decided in Wilson's favor on June 17th; and, as I anticipated, in such form as to require favorable action by the Synod. This was happily secured, but the Reunion had passed into history.

The past ten years have been busy but uneventful. I have rounded out four and forty years as a college president. I have seen this College grow and prosper, ending the last year without debt or deficit as usual, with ten times as much endowment, ten times as much from tuition fees, and a growing reputation for scholarly achievement.

Mrs. Warfield still rules as well as reigns. The seven children have grown as the children of '82 should, each taking college and graduate school as a matter of course. I can, alas, boast only one grandchild, William the third, now nine years old.

I am not ready to take account of stock. I lack the grace of resignation, and the peace of retirement. I leave to others the realization of a serene old age. Often, as was ever my wont, I speak unadvisedly with my lips, especially in defense of Hoover, the Eighteenth Amendment, old true blue Calvinism, and I should add the Class of 1882 if it needed any defense.

I have nothing worth preserving in these last years; I still speak often when I might better be silent, though the blame is theirs who ask me and, *mirable dictu*, pay me. I still get an honorary degree now and then—and a gaudy hood—the last an L. H. D. this June. Princeton gave me an LL.D. (interpreted in this feminine atmosphere as Ladylike Doctor) as long ago as 1891. They say I give them with a better grace than I receive them. Did I not give Hibben his first LL.D.? If I cannot give them to '82 any more, I at least have my eye on the wife of an '82 man for early honor.

I am too busy to repine, but I miss the "old familiar faces".

These be they who have come after me: William, business, New York City. Mary Cabell, M. D., medical mission work, North Carolina mountains. Eleanor F., professor of the History of Art, Wilson College. Ethelbert D., Jr., law, 120 Broadway, New York City. Ruth B., dean of the Fairmont School, Washington, D. C. Benjamin Breckinridge, history master, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. Robert Breckinridge, senior, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

**Welles, Henry H.**—Probably this *Record* of our "Fiftieth" is the last to be compiled by our capable and beloved historian, who has happily edited our biographical matter, since graduation.

While appreciation and enjoyment of the autobiographic sketches of one's comrades of '82 has always been keen, not so the writing of one's own story, with little of achievement to record.

A dwindling group, but thirty-nine of us left, after the deeply sorrowed passing of Taylor Bryan and Robert Hallock, a few days after Commencement; we must draw together even more closely in spirit, as each one of us travels a bit nearer to "the better country."

We have journeyed in light and shadow, through sunshine and storm, but, all in all, has not life been a satisfying adventure, living tremendously worth while, and do we not face with serenity the road ahead, be the miles many or few? As the years multiply we can look forward with hope "to what the world will be when the ages have rolled away."

Bred to the law, I practiced a year after admission to the Pennsylvania Bar, and then turned to other pursuits, engaged with two of my uncles in the management of their properties, and subsequently became interested on my own account in the development of suburban real estate, to some substantial profit.

A resident of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., for twenty-six years of our married life, Mrs. Welles and I moved with our three children to New York City, in October, 1918, and still reside there for a part of the year, the remaining five months in our mountain nest at Glen Summit Springs, Pa., (elevation 2,000 feet) on a spur of the Poconos, three miles east of Wyoming Valley.

After moving to New York, I was for four years with the Promotional Department of the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., and traveled the country extensively in its interest.

A happy later experience was a year on the staff of the Presbyterian Church in its successful campaign for a \$15,000,000.00 pension fund for its ministers. Organization work in several states took me finally to the Pacific Coast.

Subsequently, Mrs. Welles and I visited Alaska and the Yukon, finding the trail of Jack and Mrs. Hibben in those wilds, and later were four months in the Orient, with our son and family, in Peking and elsewhere.

Roubtless "Retired" must now be appended to my name. Perish the thought! I don't relish the designation. Possibly, when we climb out of the slough of Depression, I may secure a job at picking folks' pockets, in the interest of a good cause. I would welcome such an opportunity, as I am rather unusually vigorous for my years.

At our glorious "Fiftieth", while talking to a Princeton townsman, in front of what was formerly Mrs. Fine's house, down Chambers Street, he noted my orange hatband and exclaimed "Eighty-Two! Fifty years!! My God, how good you look!!!" Forthwith, that hatband tightened like an iron clamp about my brow. A habit of regular daily exercise, brisk walks, weather or not, and setting-up exercises, night and morning, partly account for good health. Golf has its lure, but one can't swing the clubs *daily*, all the year 'round, and so mine lie buried in a closet.

In politics, an Independent, and an anti-protectionist. I stand however, for the Republican platform this year, and expect to vote for Mr. Hoover.

A Presbyterian by both traditions and conviction, I serve as an elder of the First Presbyterian Church of New York.

"Of making of books there is no end," if true in days of old, is certainly truer to-day. I have written none, and I have no itch for

authorship, but I expect to read books to the end of my days, particularly those which recount the march of civilization down the ages, and lives of men in Church and State, who have made history, and stand for the cultivation and progress of international friendships. Incidentally, lectures taken at Columbia when in New York, guide and stimulate my reading.

I have no honorary degrees, but an A. M. *in course* from Princeton and thereby hangs a tale: Hurin, Campbell, and I, having pursued a learned profession (law) for three years, at one of our Reunions, paid our \$5.00 per to the College treasurer, clutched our diplomas, and, arrayed in masters' gowns passed into Alexander Hall with the academic procession, loudly jeered by gownless classmates, on the side lines.

A list of children and children's children is requested. Three were born to us, two daughters and a son, and when in due course, all were happily wed, we reckoned them as *six*, outlawing "inlaw." Here they are:

Laird H. and Mrs. (Katherine Ryerson) Barber, Riverside, Conn. Children: Frances McMurtry, b. March 5, 1924, Laird H. Jr., b. May 13, 1930.

Elliott and Mrs. (Charlotte Rose) Speer, Northfield, Mass. Children: Caroline McMurtry, b. August 10, 1922, Eleanor Rose, b. July 10, 1926, Margaret Ladd, b. June 13, 1930.

Henry H. 3rd and Mrs. (Josephine Clothier Saller), Shanghai, China. Children: Elizabeth Clothier, b. August 18, 1926, Charlotte Rose, b. October 6, 1928, Katharine Ryerson, b. July 22, 1929.

"Whom have you gotten the most enjoyment out of—your children or your grandchildren?" I was asked that not long since. How would the men of '82, who have both, answer? *I give it up.*

I give both winter and summer addresses, hoping that any '82 man in my neighborhood, at any time, will not fail to look me up, and, if possible, sit at meat with us: The Croyden, 12 East 86th St., New York City, (Phone, Butterfield 8-4000), October 15-May 15.

Glen Summit Springs, Mountain Top, P. O. Luzerne County, Penna. (Phone Mountain Top 443), May 15-October 15.

I thoroughly believe that "God's in His Heaven," and if all be not right with His world, that the leaven of righteousness is working among the nations.

William Cullen Bryant may not be widely read now-a-days, but I like these lines of his :

“So live that when thy summons comes  
To join the innumerable caravan  
That moves to the pale realms of shade :  
Thou go not, as the galley slave,  
Scourged to his dungeon ; but sustained  
And soothed by an unfaltering trust,  
Approach the end, as one who wraps  
The draperies of his couch about  
Him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

**Westervelt, George Norten**—In asking me to give an account of myself for the past ten years, you have set me (unwittingly, to be sure) a difficult and rather painful task. It is a distasteful thing to have to admit defeat, and it is an uninteresting thing to hear about. Suffice it to say that the first half of this decade was for me a prosperous and successful period, while the latter half has been marked by an unbroken succession of losses, thwarted plans, disappointments, and failures, which has at last left me stranded and without occupation. If the cards had broken otherwise, I might have succeeded in accomplishing something really worth while. Nevertheless, though defeated I am not altogether conquered, and if given a chance I might still do something before a snuff out. Can't ever tell.

**White, Everett J.**—I have just passed my seventy-fifth birthday, and I am reminded that in June fifty years ago I received a diploma signed by James McCosh and E. R. Craven. My wife hunted the sheepskin up and one of my sons started to translate it. But when he came to the words Neo-Caesariensis he said, “I thought you graduated from Princeton.” Neo, nevi, netum means to spin—to weave—and the eastern part of Mauretania was called Caesariensis.

Now will someone please solve the mystery. What has Neo-Caesariensis to do with Princeton College?

In 1905 I dropped in upon Princeton for part of a day and brought home a nice photograph of the sophomores rushing the freshmen by climbing up the ivy on English Hall and entering the room where I took my entrance exams. The “Dip” is fifty years

of age and my memory is bad, but I remember that one of your Presidents was a classmate of mine. Look up the '82 list. He and I were quite chums. We lived in different halls and were connected by wire and ear phone. It was necessary to have telegraph instruments in order to call each other, and then we used the phones.

**Williams, Frederick R.**—Did not attend the Reunion. No report.

**Woods, David W.**—My report is short. I am pastor of Marsh Creek Presbyterian Church, about five miles west of Gettysburg, where we live the most of the year, spending the summer on our farm. One book, "John Witherspoon", (Revell), is to my credit. Paul Martin said he never heard of it. Numerous articles, book reviews, a few poems, in various periodicals.

We have one daughter, two sons, one grandson, who carries the name, David Walker, to the fourth generation.

It was a great and deep and lasting joy that I experienced at the Fiftieth Reunion. As long as there are such men in America, the Republic is safe. The older I grow the happier I am.

**VARIORUM**





COMMENCEMENT IN 1882

(Redrawn from an old newspaper cut)

President McCosh Awarding Degrees to the Graduating Class

## VARIORUM

The reproduction of several illustrations taken from newspapers and periodicals of fifty-odd years ago should be of interest. In the picture of "Commencement Exercises in 1882" (opposite Page 73) the building is, of course, the First Presbyterian Church which was used for many years for the graduation ceremonies and until Alexander Hall came into existence. The original newspaper cut is very poor and gives only a general idea of the scene and its participants. It is quite impossible to identify the large framed portrait which occupies a place of honor in front of the organ pipes. Probably, it represents some "Generous Benefactor" or "Prospective Patron" of the college. The standing figure on the left is, apparently, that of a dignified, bearded man and may be intended for Professor Brackett. "Jimmy" McCosh is awarding the A. B. degrees, and doubtless the '82 man about to receive his diploma is Mr. James B. Banister; it will be remembered that the document in question was on exhibition at H. Q. during the Reunion period. It is a matter for regret that we cannot present an illustration of the ceremony in which J. B. B. was presented with his diploma of honorable graduation from Clio Hall—possibly, the only one of its kind in its existence. That diploma was also part of the Banister Collection of relics, and we had the privilege of viewing it with our own eyes. Joking aside, Jim set us all a good example with his carefully preserved memorabilia and it helped to put the Reunion over; J. B. B. is a good scout.

The contemporary sketch of the famous sleighride to Trenton, in January, 1879 (opposite Page 74), also calls for some elucidation. The central figure, engaged in pressing his unwholesome attentions upon Mamie, the popular manicure girl of the old American House in Trenton, is easily recognizable, but propriety forbids the mention of his name; even the printing of his initials might prove embarrassing. The gentleman at the extreme left is probably a member of the Trenton constabulary, name and rank unknown. But the policeman's club is evidently about to go into action in behalf of beauty in dis-

tress. The roisterer with the pistol strongly suggests Gerard B. F. Hallock, but he has lately presented an unimpeachable alibi (he was not with us in Freshman year), and so the identification must be dismissed with the Scotch verdict of "Not Proven." The leering ruffian in the right background sought to disguise his identity by dropping his middle name and shaving off his beard, but the vigilant eye of your Recording Angel is not to be deceived. Fie upon you, "Norten"; fie, fie for shame!

The painful scene at the Taylor Opera House in Trenton (Page 75) affords room for some interesting conjectures. It will be recalled that all through his college days, "Sal" Larkin was an enthusiastic upholder of the legitimate drama, and the first money that he ever earned in his life was an honorarium of twenty-five cents for his services as a "super" in a sumptuous performance of *Michael Strogoff* at this same temple of Thespis. He frequently gave theatre parties at the Taylor Opera House, and this vigorous sketch must be intended to depict one of these festive occasions. One would naturally suppose that the gentleman (sic) with his feet upon the rail of the box was the artist's conception of the host. But in the picture he is represented as wearing a moustache; and "Sal", then as now, was always clean-shaven. Who then is it? Candor compels the admission that there was only one man in the Class who consistently sported a hirsute appendage to his upper lip; that man was James A. McWilliams. But really it seems unfair that, after three-quarters of a century of blameless living, Mac's reputation should be blasted on evidence so insufficient—that of a single hair, or may be two or three. On motion, the roll was called and a verdict of acquittal was ordered; H. Terhune not voting, and "Black" and "White" Scudder paired. Whereupon the defendant was discharged in his own custody, with an admonition from the Court to be more careful next time.

In the opinion of your historian, "Sal" must be the standing figure in the forefront of the box, his hand outstretched towards the fair heroine of the opera; he looks like the natural leader that our amiable Vice-president undoubtedly is. The student seated on the box-rail is unmistakable. He keeps his face turned away and he has requested particularly that his name shall not be divulged; let him therefore preserve his anonymity under the initials of "H. C."

The Class, going into a committee of the whole, decided by a



# THAT SLEIGHRIDE TO TRENTON

(From a contemporary periodical)

Princeton College Boys On a Lively Lark. They Make Night Hideous  
In Trenton, N. J., And Get Arrested At Two O'Clock In The Morning.  
(Original Caption)







AN EIGHTY-TWO THEATRE PARTY AT THE TAYLOR OPERA HOUSE

(From a contemporary periodical)

Rowdies Masquerading As Gentlemen. How Five Ill-Bred Princeton Students, Who Interrupted A Performance Of "The Little Duke," At Trenton, N. J., By Their Ruffianly Behavior Were Fittingly Rebuked By Miss Mary Backelas, One Of The Company. (Original Caption)

series of elimination ballots, to identify the two figures in the background as "Peck" Pierson and "Trotter" Woods. And be it well understood that the Class, in its collective sense, *knows*.

Observe the righteous indignation on the face of the honest young actress as she repels the advances of "Sal" and his unholy (Henry) crew. Many years have passed since this regrettable exhibition of full evening dress bad manners, yet even now the portrayal of the incident must mantle with a blush of shame the brow of every right-thinking Eighty-two man. We recall it only to condemn.

## UNDERGRADUATE LIFE IN THE EIGHTIES

Some years ago the *Alumni Weekly* projected a series of recollections of college life at Princeton, the periods being the decades from the Eighteen-fifties on. I was assigned to speak for the Eighties. It was intended to publish the series in book form, but the World War interfered with the plan and it was never carried out. Doubtless, most of the Class read the article in the *Weekly*, but since it deals so intimately and directly with the academic days of Eighty-two it seems appropriate to include it in the Fifty Year Record.

When the Class of 1882 entered college, Princeton was undergoing a period of disagreeable notoriety, the aftermath of a hazing scrape between '80 and '81 in which pistols had been drawn and one student had been slightly wounded. The episode had been featured *ad nauseam* in the newspapers, and our parents must have possessed truly Spartan fortitude in allowing us to matriculate at Nassau Hall, pleasantly described by a contemporaneous writer as an institution "devoted to the pursuit of higher learning, and run on the bloody shirt and muscular Christianity plan. It stands back from the main line of railroad so that travellers between the civilized centres of New York and Philadelphia shall not sustain any injury from the numerous missiles always flying in the air." As a matter of fact, the violence of the preceding year had brought about its own reaction, and the only official notice taken by the sophomores of our lowly existence was the issuance of the customary *Proclamation* forbidding us to carry canes until after Thanksgiving.

The "*Proc*," as it was familiarly called must have been the lineal descendant of the "*Rake*" of earlier academic generations; the specimen that lies before me measures about two feet by three and a half; it is printed in green ink on coarse white paper. The language in which it is couched is far from choice; indeed it might be quite truthfully described as scurrilous; and since the "*Proc*" was a strictly anonymous publication there was no power to pass upon the unrestrained quality of its satire.

The salutatory sentence, reading: "Tirones! Crudiores!! Viridissimi!!!" possesses a faint classical flavor not wholly unbecoming the status of young gentlemen engaged in scholastic pursuits, but with the change from doubtful Latin to more than doubtful English the remainder of the broadside could never hope for admission to the chaste columns of the *New York Times*.

It was well understood that the Faculty did not approve of the "*Proc*," and that suspension, if not expulsion, would be meted out to anyone who could be proved guilty of its authorship or distribution. But the criminals were

never caught, and the "*Proc*" used to appear regularly about the third Sunday morning of the autumn term, the broadside having been posted during the previous night on every available hoarding and other points of vantage. The supreme ambition of the bill-posters was to attach a copy to one of the window shades on the sunny side of the Chapel. With the curtain carefully re-rolled, the "*Proc*" would be completely hidden from view; then, at divine service on Sunday morning, some innocent (?) upperclassman would be sure to pull down the blinds, and so expose the ribald sheet to the gaze of the assembled worshippers. But in our day the feat had become impossible, for Matt Goldie, the proctor, always kept an especially well-peeled eye on the Chapel until the "*Proc*" was safely off the stocks. Towards another "ancient custom"—the stealing of the clapper of the Old North bell—the authorities were more complaisant. A barrellful of spare clappers was kept on tap in Matt's proctorial office, and whenever a tug at the bell rope elicited no response it was a simple matter to replace the missing member. Also it was popularly understood that for every clapper stolen a fine of twenty-five cents would be added to each freshman's term bill, not an unprofitable business transactions for the College at the prevailing prices for bell metal.

### *Town and Gown*

Fifty years ago the classes at Princeton did not run much above the century mark; the whole College, including instructors, fellows, and post-graduates, numbered between five and six hundred men. The academic community was almost monastic in its segregation, and the vast majority of the students had nothing whatever to do with the social life of the town. Mrs. Swann of blessed memory maintained one refreshing oasis in the Princeton sahara, but manifestly her hospitality could not be all-inclusive, and between the ordinary undergraduate and the Princeton maiden there was a great gulf fixed.

Towards the non-academic masculine contingent of the village the student body maintained an uncompromisingly frigid attitude; we called them "snobs" and treated them with lordly indifference; now and then there would be a physical clash arising out of some petty disagreement over the proper width of the sidewalk or the wholesale appropriation of a skating pond. And yet there must have been some secret bond of feeling between town and gown, nothing that either faction would have openly acknowledged but which certainly existed; perhaps the word "Princeton" possessed some magic quality of fusion. For example, the *Princetonian* prints this note: "At the Yale game the Princeton snobs were out in force, and every man wore the orange and black." It is perfectly evident that in the presence of our most hated and dreaded foe there was only one Princeton.

Our use of the word "snob" would seem to be a curious perversion of its proper meaning; if anything the boot should have been fitted to the other leg. The term was not in vogue at either Cambridge or New Haven, according to what old Harvard and Yale men tell me, and I had always supposed it a pure localism. But just the other day I came across a communication in the *Sun* in which the definition of snob, as given in Ogilvie's English Dic-

tionary (1874), is quoted. Ogilvie says that it has a secondary meaning, as follows: "In the English universities, a townsman as opposed to a gownsmen." Undoubtedly then the term must have been imported from Oxford or Cambridge, and so became part of the Princeton vernacular. Possibly Thackeray, in his "Book of Snobs," may have used the word in a similar sense.

### *Passing the "Biennial"*

No series of academic reminiscences would be complete without a reference to the "Consulship of Plancus." But who was Plancus anyway, and what did he ever do for Princeton that his name should receive honorable mention? Strange indeed that mere trivialities attendant upon the acquirement of a classical education should remain firmly rooted in the mind while really important springs of knowledge have long since run dry. Now the other day I happened to be looking through an old scrap-book and so came across a bunch of biennial examination papers. In our day the examinations at the end of "soph" year were particularly important, because they were supposed to cover generally the work of the first two years in college. Once through the dreaded "biennial" and a man might breathe freely; now he had only to mark time and he was sure of his "sheepskin." Well, I must have passed this particular set of papers, if only on all-fours, for assuredly I am a Princeton graduate. But not one of the questions on those time-worn, yellowed sheets could I answer—not a single one. Moreover, and this is the important point, I should never have known the meaning of that word "biennial"—once in two years—were it not for the recollection of that oldtime, foolish catch-phrase: "Ah, I see you have passed your biennial." Of course an explanation is indicated, as the medical men say.

Back in the eighties the facilities for maintaining a fair degree of personal cleanliness were assuredly meagre. A pitcher of water in one's bedroom was supposed to serve for all ordinary occasions, and if you wanted more you were at perfect liberty to trudge down to the basement of your dormitory and draw a fresh supply from the common tap. Possibly Witherspoon may have had some bathrooms for the exclusive use of its luxurious occupants, but certainly there were no accommodations of this nature in North, East, West, or Reunion. For the College at large the authorities had provided a set of ten or twelve gloomy dens built in the basement of the old "gym." In each cell there was an enamelled iron tub and a wooden chair—nothing more. When in the course of time you came to the decision that you really needed a bath you borrowed a towel from some friend, bought a cake of soap, and proceeded to the "gym," where you camped out along the bowling alleys until your turn came for the troubling of the waters; lucky for you if the supply of hot still held out. Under such untoward conditions the practice of cleanliness might be called godliness itself, and life was too short to be squandered in the murky, steaming depths of that loathsome old "gym" basement. Consequently, if one happened to present a particularly well ordered appearance, it was customary to comment upon the phenomenon with the appreciative pleasantry: "Ah, I see you have passed your biennial."

### *The "Sister Quartette"*

Yes, there was an engaging simplicity about life in Princeton in the early eighties, but let no one imagine that we found it dull, for youth will always be served and we made the best of everything that did come down the pike. For instance, in second term, there was always the arrival of the "Sister Quartette" to look forward to, and never once did these amiable damsels disappoint our fond anticipations. Their family name was Meigs, if I remember correctly, and although baptismal certificates were not offered in evidence, we had no doubt of their genuine sorority; they were not especially good-looking, but they could give a truly remarkable imitation of four-part glee singing. Generally they appeared in a "grand" concert at the Second Presbyterian Church, assisted by the Glee Club. Of course the star of the troupe was the Miss Meigs who sang the low alto, or second-bass, as the programme preferred to put it. Certainly it was an extraordinary voice; it sounded something like a deep sea bell-buoy done up in cotton wool, and it would come out with thrilling effect in the rich final chords of "The Long Day Closes" or Hatton's "Good Night, Beloved." And then, immediately following, the Glee Club would put on the "Bull-dog" or "Bohunkus," with Dick Harlan or Bob Shanklin singing the solo, and poor Miss Second-Bass Meigs would be made to appear like twenty-three cents marked down from thirty. For all that she was a brave girl and always ready to go up against her invariably losing proposition; it was a sporting thing to do, and I think we recognized and appreciated her pluck.

With the departure of the "Sisters" I will admit that the winter term did get a trifle poky. Chapel Stage, on Saturday mornings in January, February, and March, was about the only form of social diversion officially offered. Presuming that the custom is obsolete, I may explain that for Chapel Stage purposes the senior class was divided into six or seven groups of about fifteen men each; and on successive Saturdays the divisions did their oratorical bit before the assembled College. It was an extraordinarily dismal performance, for fifteen original speeches, delivered under duress as it were, are not apt to be surcharged with inspiration. It was really a species of academic hold-up; the Faculty had the drop on you, and if you insisted on being excused you had to take so many scholastic demerits as to imperil seriously your chances of obtaining a diploma. As I look back on the affair I wonder where the audience came from, but I presume that Chapel Stage figured as a required exercise; you had to go or stand a cut. I ought to add that in our day the Instrumental Club generously offered their services, and used to perform three or four selections by way of lightening the gloom of the occasion. This was fine—for the Instrumental Club; it gave them an opportunity for practice on the dog. And the dog had to stand for it.

### *The Pursuit of the "Drawback"*

But all things pass, even second term, and then came spring and the final period of the college year. The warbling birds, the greening grass, the crack of "willow" against "horsehide;" doubtless these beneficent processes go on

today and joyfully as of yore. Nevertheless our spring term held still another and deeper pleasure, unknown I venture to guess to the undergraduate of 1932; of course I mean the pursuit and capture of the "drawback." And what was the "drawback?"

In the Princeton of the early eighties clubs, in the modern sense, did not exist. But everybody belonged to an eating club, a loosely organized association that met for its meals at one of the many student boarding houses, and fared sumptuously every seventh day—Sunday dinner with fricasseed chicken and vanilla ice cream at discretion. It was customary for these gastronomic ganglia to list themselves in the *Bric-a-Brac* under various highfaluting names. Infantile word-plays upon the Greek letters  $\pi$ i and  $\eta$ \tau a were in high favor, but fancy often went far afield, as witness these specimens culled from the *Bric-a-Bracs* of the period.

*Ingram's Menagerie, Usufruct, Grand Gorgers, Cannibals, Anti-Tannerites, Pumpkin Pirates, Ye Meetinge Place of Ye Merrie Huntsmen, The Spoonendykes, The Anthropophagi.* I don't suppose that these joyous appellations would become the stately clubhouses of to-day, but they were solid, well flavored, mouth-filling names, and that is more than truthfully could be said of the provender; Lucullus might have dined with us once, but never again.

To digress momentarily, the undergraduates of the eighties did not go in heavily for extra-academic organization, if one may judge from the pages of these early *Bric-a-Bracs*. Of course there were the regular literary and athletic associations, the Glee Club, and the religious societies, but otherwise the eating clubs seemed to be the centre of our social existence. About 1881, "flocking together" became more popular, for debating teams and lawn-tennis sets are duly listed, and I even find record of the *Princeton College Riding Club*, with James Arthur Robeson '83 as active member and Elmer Ellsworth Hawes '83 as honorary member. There are other quaint items in these ancient year-books, and I was especially interested to discover that one of my classmates maintained regular membership throughout his course in both the Philadelphian and St. Paul's societies. Let me applaud your sagacious foresight, my dear chap. Evidently you were the original author of our in-spring modern slogan: "Safety first!"

But I was talking about drawbacks, and it is first necessary to explain that the average price at which one sustained existence at a Princeton eating club was four dollars a week. There were a few clubs that charged higher rates,—five, six, and even seven dollars—but these were patronized almost exclusively by Mothers' Pets, Sickly Plants, self-confessed sensualists, and the sons of malefactors of great wealth. Below the four-dollar median line there was a species of No Man's country in which board could be secured at three dollars weekly, and even for two-fifty, if you didn't mind a superabundance of prunes and dried apples on the bill of fare. During the first two terms of the college year no one lived at a three-dollar club, unless he were willing to admit frankly his lack of means; that, of course, was no disgrace. But with the arrival of third term these humble hostelrys received a sudden and almost overwhelming accession of patronage. The game was to have your term bill made out at the regular four-dollar rate; then, a week later, you served notice

at the treasurer's office that you had decided to transfer to a cheaper club. Generally it was the three-dollar variety, but if you really needed a big drawback, and felt that you could stand the gaff (or more accurately the prunes) you plumped for the two-fifty class. At the end of the term the College would owe your parents the difference between the original charge for nine weeks' board and the amount actually paid out. It was not a difficult matter to persuade pater or mater to sign off in your favor, and then the treasurer was bound to turn over the tangible reward for your heroic self-denial. Think of it! from seven to ten dollars in actual cash! And that meant unlimited bags of "Lone Jack," restored credit at the mercantile establishment of "James Odoriferous," and the acquisition of a brand-new "go-to-hell hat."\* Certain clever youths managed to cop out even bigger drawbacks, but the prize killing was made by a financial genius in '81. This young gentleman actually made the Avernian descent from a smart seven dollar club to a two-fifty diet kitchen, colloquially known as "Gehenna;" and so, when senior vacation came around, he was enabled to enter the penny quoit game in front of Reunion with two twenty-dollar gold pieces for counters. Verily drawback hunting was a merry and manly sport in the brave old days of "Jimmy," and the entrance fee was nominal—merely a pound or two of flesh. And what was that when home and the fatted calf were in the immediate offing!

### *The Thanksgiving Day Game*

Does the pampered undergraduate of to-day still imagine that college life in the eighties was a little drab? Well, how about the Thanksgiving Day game at the Polo Grounds, a uniquely colorful event that even now could hold its own with the annual spectacle in stadium or bowl, including the hundred-thousand-dollar "gate?" Remember that in those days the final game of the football season was always between Yale and Princeton, the acknowledged leaders of the Intercollegiate League. In the morning there was generally a match for the tail-enders—Pennsylvania and Wesleyan—and the big game was scheduled for two o'clock. The original Polo Grounds were located somewhere around One hundredth-and-twelfth street and Eighth avenue. If you were a lower classman you went up on the "L" and hoofed it the rest of the way; probably there was some sort of a grandstand, but the correct thing was to occupy the sidelines. In junior and senior year you made up a party of

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\*Pardon the vernacular, but I don't know any other name for that particular article of head-gear. The hat in question was distinguished chiefly for its exquisite flexibility in the matter of usage. You could fold it into every conceivable shape, and when worn in connection with the paper collar taken from around a Charlotte Russe you felt ready to cope with every possible social emergency. It made an admirable water bucket, and was invaluable as a cover from which to work a crib or a "trans" leaf. It could not be worn out, but occasionally one would be lost or stolen. In looking through a scrap-book belonging to my classmate Mr. Justice Charles Wolcott Parker, I discovered a triangular piece of one of my old "go-to-hell" hats, suitably inscribed and evidently cherished as a relic of peculiar sanctity. I had often speculated upon the mysterious disappearance of that hat, but I shouldn't have thought it of one of New Jersey's Supreme Court judges.—VAN T. S.

congenial friends, and hired a Concord coach from one of the big hotels; it was a gaily painted vehicle, suspended on immense leather springs, carrying about a dozen men on top, and drawn by four horses. You gobbled an early luncheon at the Fifth Avenue or the Hoffman House; then shortly after twelve o'clock, you took possession of your chartered chariot and bowled away up Fifth avenue, making the very firmament ring with vocal apostrophes in praise of Nassau Hall; also much horn blowing. The holiday crowd on the street was always in mood to be amused, and one never needed an introduction to address any particularly pretty girl; it was the day of the GAME and that explained everything. Here and there along the avenue a house would be decorated in honor of the occasion; at the Sloanes and the Vanderbilts the blue would be flying, while the Maitlands, the Scribners, and the Alexanders proudly flaunted the orange and black. It was a glorious sensation, the knowledge that, for the moment at least, you were the cynosure of all eyes, and you would not have exchanged your most uncomfortable seat on the top of the perilously swaying coach for a throne in the heavenly hierarchy.

Arriving at the field you viewed the game from the coach quite as though the affair were an English race meeting. And since the crowd did not number more than two or three thousand, you could see very well indeed. After the game came the ride home down the long, gaslit avenue, the dinner at some popular chophouse, the play in which our favorite actress appeared impartially bedecked in both the rival colors; then a mad rush for the owl train to Princeton or New Haven. Of course there were always a few reckless youths who preferred to stay in town and make a night of it, but most of the disturbances were properly laid to the door of pseudo "college boys" who paraded in bands up and down Broadway, insulting respectable citizens, and howling out unconvincing imitations of our academic slogans. Finally, our respective Faculties took a hand and ordained that in future the big athletic contest must be staged on college grounds, and so New York lost the Thanksgiving Day game. But it makes a pleasant memory, more so indeed than that of the actual contests; for this was the period of the "block" game when, with two teams at all evenly matched, the only thing to do was to hold on to the ball, making an occasional safety that did not count against you in the score. Nothing could have been more stupid to watch. I remember one Thanksgiving Day game that lasted for two three-quarter hour periods and an extra inning—all without even the semblance of a score. The Princeton fullback was a big P.G. named Shaw, an Irishman from Trinity College, Dublin. He never touched the ball once throughout the game, nor did he make a tackle; he was obliged to run around and flap his arms, after the fashion of a truck-driver, to keep himself from freezing to death. But that was the fault of the playing code, and the five-yard rule worked an immediate and welcome reform.

### *Poller and Loafer*

In reviewing these random recollections I realize that I have paid but scant attention to the great underlying purpose of our college days—the acquirement of a liberal education. Well, I rather suspect that the proportion of poller

and loafer remains pretty constant from one academic generation to another. We had to do a certain amount of work or get conditioned; in extreme cases we might have to drop into a lower class or even leave college. Sometimes a fellow would be so dilatory or lunkheaded in working off a condition that the professor in charge would drop the whole business in disgust. The delinquent might continue his course, but there would be a damoclean sword suspended above his head, for it was the law that no one could graduate unless his scholastic record was of lilywhite purity. At Commencement the candidates for the A.B. degree would march upon the platform in groups of a dozen or so; then each, as his name was called, would step forward and touch the dummy diploma held out by the President. There was magic in that momentary contact, for once accomplished not all the King's horses nor all the King's men could separate you from the coveted "sheepskin." Now if you had an old-time condition hanging over you the professor of that particular study possessed the technical right to forbid the banns even at the altar itself. But he had to do it by the material process of interposing his physical presence between you and the symbolic "dip;" consequently it was your business to beat him to it. Doubtless there were some tense moments at Commencement exercises, but I remember only one actual clash and then the professor got such a poor start that the race was over before it had fully begun. I daresay the "profs" never trained seriously for the event; moreover they were only human and probably disliked the playing of a rôle so ungracious.

### *"Shenannygagging"*

The argument may be advanced that we should have had no particular difficulty in passing examinations, seeing that the "honor system" was not in vogue in the Princeton of the eighties. This unworthy insinuation I indignantly repel.

In the first place, we did not designate the practice of receiving outside help at written examinations by the coarse and unpleasantly sounding name of cheating; "shenannygagging" was the euphemistic term invariably employed, and it possessed the advantage of not being clearly understood by the tribe of parents and guardians.

Secondly, it was not permitted to "shenannygag" for grade, i.e., high marks; and anyone guilty of this practice was quickly denounced and effectually ostracized. Personally, I never heard of a student obtaining scholastic honors unless it were strictly off his own bat. On the other hand, it was tacitly understood that the weaker brethren might do just enough "shenannygagging" to secure a pass-mark; and even that was at their mortal peril, for Matt of the vigilant eye sat at the back of the room, and generally he had one or two assistants with him on the job. This made it a game of wits between the would-be "shenannygaggers" and the proctors, and undoubtedly helped to sharpen the intellectual faculties; in the end, you often expended as much good cerebral matter as though you had polled down the subject in the ordinary, honest, humdrum way; also it was more amusing. The professor was an enemy who was trying to do you; ergo, it was your duty to do him first. I recall a case in point.

One of my classmates possessed a peculiar mind, the kind that readily absorbed all sorts of extraneous and generally useless information, but which balked hopelessly at the acquisition of knowledge prescribed by the curriculum; for instance, he could box the compass forward and backward with incredible facility, and he never really succeeded in understanding the Rule of Three. "Math" in any form was obnoxious to Jones, as I will call him, and "fresh" geometry, under Tutor Halstead, was his particular black beast. Just before the final examination in that subject Jones realized that his condition was perilous in the extreme; even the most expert "shenannygagging" might not save him. So in mute despair he betook himself to the room of a fellow student; we will call him Smith for short. Now Smith was a first division man and a regular shark at mathematics; I think Jones had a vague idea that by immersing himself in a mathematical atmosphere he might be lucky enough to swallow some of the germs.

That evening Smith was in high feather. He explained to Jones that in nosing about the mathematical alcove of the library he had come across a curious problem in applied geometry. "Just the sort of thing that devil (meaning Halstead) might be moved to put upon the paper as an optional," he added.

"What was it?" inquired Jones in a last-hope kind of a voice.

"How far would a man have to be elevated above the earth in order to see one-third of its surface?"

There was a picturesque quality about this proposition that somehow appealed to Jones's imagination. "Did you work it out?" he asked.

"Yes, got it right here."

"Show me."

And Smith, being the kindest of souls, did show him. It took two solid hours to hammer the demonstration into Jones's skull, but at the end of that time he knew it backwards.

The examination came off, and there were ten required questions and five optionals on the paper. Jones sloshed through the ten required as best he could, but when he had told all he knew he was still on the anxious seat; at the most liberal computation his paper was not worth more than a percentage of forty-five, and that would not pass him. Of course it had not occurred to him to even glance at the optionals; he was not working for grade.

Finally he determined to end the agony and take his medicine; he half rose to hand in his miserable "book," when his eye happened to light on the opposite page of the examination paper, where the loathly optionals disported themselves, and there—"How far above the surface of the earth," etc.

Jones couldn't write it down fast enough. Then he walked out as though upon air.

A few days later he received a message from Halstead asking him to call. Now Jones would never have taken a prize at a violet show, but the summons rather shook his nerve; he went in fear and trembling. However, Halstead quickly reassured him. "I'll tell you now you've passed," he began. "But how did you do it? You and Smith were the only two men in the class

to solve that optional; even Henry Crew didn't get it. And you were on the opposite side of the room from Smith. Now own up."

And Jones, disregarding in his joy the little innuendo about his being seated miles away from his fellow senior-wrangler, did make a full confession.

"That's all right," grinned Halstead. "Trot along."

Our "honor system" was responsible for many a humorous situation, but the classic example of the old saw that kissing goes by favor happened in one of our examinations in chemistry. Two of our "idle apprentices" chanced to be sitting side by side, and neither was everburdened with trustworthy information on the subject. So in default of other assistance they were forced to "shennannygag" off each other; as a natural result their papers were virtually identical. Then, out of sheer bravado, they recklessly exchanged papers, each man handing in the other's "book." The conscientious professor who marked the examination gave Mr. A. fifty-four and Mr. B. forty-eight; of course, fifty was the passing mark. Even at this late day I should not care to mention the word "chemistry" to Mr. B.

### *College Journalism*

The college journalism of the period calls for just a word. Of course the "*Lit.*" was a monthly, while the *Princetonian* was issued once in two weeks. In reperusing the old files one is struck by the acidulous tone affected by the editors of the eighties in referring to other institutions of polite learning. Yale was held to be the centre of all muckerdom, while Harvard *Kultur* was a stench in the nostrils of her academic neighbors. The *Princetonian* contemptuously stigmatizes Columbia as a day school, and the *Acta* retorts that if "Harvard is the Fifth avenue of American colleges, Yale the Broadway, and Vassar the Maiden Lane, Princeton must be the Rotten Row." In this latter gibe, however, the Thersites of the *Acta* rather overshot his mark, as the editor of the *Princetonian* was acute enough to point out.

Nor was the display of editorial truculence confined to purely intercollegiate feuds, for the Columbia *Acta* and *Spectator* were always at loggerheads, the Yale *Record* and *Courant* hated each other like poison, and the Harvard *Lam-poon* and *Crimson* exchanged more kicks than compliments. But personalities between editors were not unknown to the metropolitan press of the day, and the undergraduate journalists were merely apeing the manners of their elders. Upon the whole, the *Princetonian* was quite readable, and here is an editorial "par" from the issue of September 26, 1879, which is not without interest to-day:

"We wish to join with his classmates in heartily congratulating Mr. Wilson '79, on his successful debut in the *International* for August. Mr. Wilson's able management of the *Princetonian*, his sterling commonsense, and healthy and well developed thinking powers make his brilliant achievement the most natural thing possible. Keep it up, Tommy; you do credit to your training."

The *Tiger* was established by members of the Class of '82, and was largely instrumental in the symbolic association of that particular animal with Princeton. As late as 1881 it was the ordinary practice for both the newspaper and

the college press to refer to football and baseball players as the "Harvards," the "Yales," or the "Princetons," as the case might be. The artists of the *Tiger*, especially the late John W. Alexander, gave concrete expression to the orange and black of our colors, and to the significant rallying word of "tiger" in our college cheer. And so the Princeton tiger came into the limelight; he was born with a full assortment of teeth and claws, as witness the first-page cartoon in the initial issue of that periodical.

### *The Old-Time Faculty*

Well, what more is there for me to say to a generation that knows not "Dad" and "Jimmy;" to whom the very names of such revered and venerable institutions as Evelyn College and Ord Hall convey no definite meaning, awaken no tender recollections. And yet these old-time instructors were men of character and ability, and their personalities endure in the memory of their former pupils. Who can forget "Dad" Atwater, the very last of the old guard, always attired in a high-cut waistcoat and full dress coat; or Cameron, he of the chivalrous soul, and author of the celebrated mot: "Gentlemen who expectorate on the floor cannot expect to rate high in their classes." How industriously each succeeding freshman class would go to "work" in order to elicit that classic rebuke! And finally, "Jimmy" McCosh, the foreign importation who became the most loyal Princetonian of us all! I cannot truthfully say that the rank and file of the undergraduates of my day loved "Jimmy"—that came later. But we were immensely proud of his unquestioned intellectual powers, and we were always ready to back him in a catch-as-catch-can disputation with any other cerebral giant of the period—bar none. The dullest student never willingly cut one of "Jimmy's" lectures; there was always something doing that you didn't want to miss. Let me picture one of these occasions as best I may.

A certain utilitarian structure, which stood south of the Little Cannon and midway between Whig and Clio, became obnoxious to the aesthetic sensibilities of several of my classmates, and they laid plans to put it permanently out of business. The conspirators succeeded in setting the building on fire, but the proctors were right on the job and the flames were extinguished before much damage was done; incidentally the midnight marauders had a narrow escape from getting caught. But they did manage to evade detection, and Matt Goldie finally had to admit that he could not bring in a true bill against anybody. And so, when we went into the usual Wednesday morning lecture in psychology, it was evident that "Jimmy" was greatly excited over the failure to identify the perpetrators of the outrage. Before taking up the work of the day he addressed us at some length on the nefarious nature of the late affair, concluding by drawing a vivid picture of tardy but inevitable justice overtaking the wrongdoers; how that twenty or thirty years later these hardened criminals would be "pointed out with bated breath as the scoundrels who did the dirty deed—(Applause from the right). Yes, sir, with bated breath—(Applause from the left). I say the dirty deed! Come away now, Mr. Hibben, you cannot afford to laugh. Imph! I must have this stamping discontinued at once

—I know who ye are; I can tell, within one or two of you who ye are. It's a shame and a disgrace that a class which has always behaved itself so well —(More applause, with some poorly concealed laughter). Um-um! I'm sorry to see it. This late disturbance was aided and abetted by some of the best men in the class; and I tell ye again that it was a dirty deed done in the dead of the night; I hope we shall have no more of it. I will now proceed to ask a few questions concerning my views upon the different theories of mind and matter; Imph! Mr. Barker, you may recite."

"Barker," who had been enjoying the proceedings immensely up to this point, rose somewhat unwillingly, conscious that no one in his immediate vicinity would be able to help him out on the finer points of the McCosh philosophy. Moreover, it was evident that "Jimmy" was in no mood for trifling.

"Now, Mr. Barker," began "Jimmy," his keen, bright eyes boring into "Bark's" very soul, "what are my views?" No answer. "Imph! I see you have lost your self-possession, sir. Pay attention, Mr. Bannister; I will be calling you up next. I ask you again, Mr. Barker; and what do I hold? Speak out loud, sir, so that they can hear you at the back. *What do I hold?*"

"Bark" looked up in agonized despair and caught sight of the textbook in "Jimmy's" hand; it was the proverbial straw to the drowning man. "What do you hold, sir?" he faltered.

"Yes, sir, and I won't ask you a fourth time. *WHAT DO I HOLD?*"

Barker in a very still, small voice: "Well, Doctor, I should say that you were holding a book."

Sensation. Tableau. Blue lights. Total collapse of Mr. Barker. And then:

"That will do for to-day, sir. You may sit down, sir. Imph! Is Mr. Rankin of the Scientific School present? Now, Mr. Rankin, I'll give you another chance." And so the recitation went on chockful of human nature, which after all is only psychology under a less formal name.

There are other happenings of our undergraduate days which deserve mention—notably a famous sleighride to Trenton. But I have no desire to put down the mighty from their seats and my lips are hermetically sealed. Let the culprits shake in their shoes, and bless my clemency under their faltering breath.

*Haec olim meminisse juvabit.* Well, the prophecy has come true, and it is a joy to recall these old-time lights and shadows of the early eighties; they are an integral part of the warp and woof of life itself. I may seem to have dwelt unduly upon the merely trivial and superficial aspects of my college days, but in my heart I am increasingly conscious of the immense debt that I owe to the Cherishing Mother of us all. Princeton has given me more than I can ever repay, and if I smile it is but to hide a deeper feeling—the memory of many a rich experience in faith and hope and love. Now the fashion of this world passes away, and with it depart all earthly accidents of time and place and material possessions. But the things of the spirit endure—essential, precious, immortally fragrant.

*Aula Nassovica, floreat et crescat!*

VAN T. S.

It seems difficult to determine just how many men are entitled to membership in our academic generation, either through regular graduation in 1882 or by virtue of a degree conferred later by the Princeton authorities. The roster of members printed in the Forty-five Year Record puts the number of graduates in the Class of 1882 as 97. But the list of the graduating class for that year, as printed in the No. VIII *Bric-a-Brac*, gives the number at 99. However, this list includes the name of Gerard B. F. Hallock; and, according to V. Lansing Collins, the official archivist of the University, G. Hallock did not take his A. B. degree in 1882 and is therefore listed as a non-graduate. But since "Polly" received the degree of A. M. from Princeton in 1901 he has every right to be ranked as a member of the Eighty-two family.

For years we have carried on our rolls the name of Edward L. Yeager. But Yeager did not graduate with us, and no one knows whether he is living or dead. He should be listed among the missing.

Edwin S. Simons left college in Junior year, but in 1892 he secured an A. B. degree from Princeton; of course, he is one of us.

Again, several men were transferred to other classes. James S. Hillhouse was kicked upstairs and graduated with the Class of 1881. Robert S. Yard dropped to Eighty-three and was lost to us for good. And so with Gill, Libbey, and Life. William E. Collis left college on account of illness and later entered Eighty-four; he is listed in the Eighty-three *Bric-a-Brac* as a member of the Junior class. Also Joseph E. Maxwell dropped to Eighty-four. None of these names appear on the graduating list. It seems reasonable, for practical and percentage calculating purposes, to put our official number at an even hundred. This includes G. B. F. Hallock and Simons, and excludes Hillhouse, Collis, R. S. Yard, Yeager, and Maxwell.

On the Commencement list of 1882 there are twenty-nine names on the honor roll or 29 percent. of the whole class. Of these, fifteen men are living to-day, a percentage of 51.72. Fourteen of these honor men are dead, a percentage of 48.28.

There were seventy-one non-honor men. Of these, twenty-four are known to be alive, and forty-five are known to be dead. Two (Acker and Guyer) are believed to be deceased, but the facts have not been definitely ascertained. Assuming that these two are dead the twenty-four survivors constitute a percentage of 33.80, the per-

centage of the dead (forty-seven men) on the non-honor list being 66.19. Assuming that Acker and Guyer are living the total of twenty-six living and forty-five deceased on the non-honor list fixes the survivor percentage at 36.62, and the non-survivor percentage at 63.38.

Statistical sharks may well mull over these figures and percentages and draw what conclusions they please. Also moral—if any. C. W. P. comments as follows: “An interesting illustration of the greater longevity of the industrious and temperate.”

There are eighteen '82 men who have been listed from time to time in *Who's Who in America*. The editors of that interesting book of reference have an unfathomable system of dropping names from the list. One can understand their taking out the biographies of men and women who have died, and putting in merely a reference line to an earlier volume, but they are not always consistent in this. The reference line itself may be deleted as happened in the case of Robert C. Hallock. And yet he did not die until June 24, 1932. George F. Green, Samuel Lloyd, and Thomas S. Clarke were listed in earlier volumes, but there is no reference at all to them in the 1930-31 edition, and only painstaking research could establish their claim. Taking the Class roll at an even hundred our percentage of 18 is noteworthy; the attention of the class secretaries from 1875 down is called to this record and they are invited to beat it—if they can. Our list is as follows: Clarke, Crew, Darlington, Denby, Elmendorf, Greene, Gerard B. F. Hallock, Robert C. Hallock, Hibben, Hughes, Lloyd, Martin, McCarter, Mills, Parker, Sutphen, Warfield, and Welles. Even then some distinguished name may have been overlooked. Persons feeling aggrieved should communicate with John Larkin, Esq., Counsellor at Law, 32 Liberty Street, New York City. He is authorized to settle out of court all suits for property damages, personal libel, and defamation of character.

Of the eighteen “Who's Who-ers” ten names appear on the honor roll at graduation, the whole number being twenty-nine. The percentage is 34.48. Of the seventy-one non-honor men eight were listed in *Who's Who*, the percentage being 11.26. Consequently, the Intelligenzia hold a decided edge upon the Idle Apprentices.

V. Lansing Collins furnishes the following list of Eighty-two men who have received honorary degrees from Princeton and other insti-

tutions of higher learning. As might be expected the name of John Grier Hibben leads all the rest. He holds eleven of these academic honors to the sixteen accumulated by the eleven other recipients.

Crew, Henry, Sc. D., Princeton, 1922; Denby, Charles, A. M., Princeton, 1895; Greene, George F., D. D., Princeton, 1902; Hallock, R. C., D. D., Richmond, 1900; Hibben, John G., LL.D., Lafayette, 1907, LL.D., Rutgers, 1912, Litt.D., Columbia, 1912, LL.D. Pennsylvania, 1912, LL.D., Yale, 1913, LL.D., Brown, 1914, LL.D., Pittsburgh, 1917, LL.D., Harvard, 1917, LL.D., Toronto, 1919, LL.D., McGill, 1921, LL.D., Princeton, 1932; Parker, Charles W., LL.D., Princeton, 1919; Pierson, G. P., D. D., Princeton, 1912; Scudder, L. R. D. D., Rutgers, 1920; Scudder, W. W., D. D., Whitman, 1915; Sutphen, van Tassel, A. M., Princeton, 1926; Warfield, E. D., LL.D., Princeton, 1891, LL.D., Miami, 1891, D. D., Washington & Jefferson, 1902, LL.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1910, L. H. D., (       ?       ); Non-graduate, Hallock, Gerard Benjamin Fleet, D. D., Richmond, 1896, A. M., Princeton, 1901.

Here again the old honor men are on top. Nine out of the original twenty-nine (a percentage of 31.03) are degree holders in the group of twelve recipients, a percentage of 75.00. Three out of the original seventy-one non-honor men (a percentage of 4.23) are degree holders in the group of twelve recipients, a percentage of 25.00. Moral will be furnished by the registrar of the University upon presentation of the original A. B. diploma.

Chapin (b. 1850) was the oldest member of the Class, and Peabody (b. 1863) was the youngest. Youth will still be served for Chapin, had he lived, would now have attained the honorable age of eighty-two years, Peabody remaining the comparative infant of sixty-nine.

## JUBILEE REUNION

One day last month I received an epistle  
From Larkin, which caused me to sit up and whistle.  
'Twas couched in his well-known suave, courteous style,  
With compliments deftly thrown in to beguile  
And disarm me. For instance, he brazenly classed  
Me with Sutphen and Rankin. Then casually asked  
Me to "just take the time and—er—sit down and write"—  
Dash it off, don't you know, as it were, over night—  
"Something fresh and amusing"—as I am a sinner—  
"And which," so he said, "you can read at the dinner."  
Just like that. Go ahead and be funny, you know;  
An arduous stunt to be pulled here below  
By any sojourner in this vale of woe,  
And for me, as it happens, especially so.  
For my muse is peculiar; won't do as she's told  
When I want her to play up, but just quits me cold,  
And selects such occasions to go on a strike,  
And behave in a manner I strongly dislike,  
In her darned irresponsible feminine way.  
And I'd here like to say, by the way, if I may,  
That it's true as it was in Sir Walter Scott's day,  
What he says about "dames" in that Marmion lay.

Let me quote

What he wrote:

"Oh, Woman, in our hours of ease,

Uncertain, coy and hard to please.

But seen too oft, familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Don't laugh. If that quotation is slightly askew,

It nevertheless, I maintain, is quite true.

You cannot live with 'em, you can't live without 'em,

Believe 'em you can't, and 'tis treason to doubt 'em,

God forbid you should argue; I'll dare you to flout 'em,

They exasperate you till you fairly could clout 'em.

And yet, after all, there is *something* about 'em.

So what in the devil's a fellow to do?

Well, that's nothing to do with the case. I digress.  
'Tis the garrulousness of advanced years, I guess.  
We've no present concern with the contrariness  
Of Woman and all her vagaries. God bless  
Her fool heart. Of my muse and her unfaithfulness  
We were speaking. Be that as it may, I sat down,  
And sharpened my pencil, put on my best frown,  
Then waited for some inspiration in vain  
To penetrate that thing I use for a brain.  
But none came. It was clear I must speedily seek  
Some adventitious aid or I'd sit here a week,  
So I searched through the papers lest haply the news  
Might contain something simple with which to amuse  
The immature minds of all youse Eighty-two's.  
'Twas no use. All I read seemed the more to confuse  
My tottering intellect. All I could find—  
Apart from the Chinese and Japanese war,  
And how far all stocks have now fallen below par,  
Election forecasts and the last base-ball score,  
Seemed stuff of a most infelicitous kind  
To entertain any intelligent mind.  
Crime and scandals and everything under creation  
In a mad and bewildering conglomeration,  
Prohibition and murder and rape and taxation,  
Love nests and the Seabury investigation,  
Jimmy Walker and rackets and hell and—oh what  
Am I saying? Forgive me. I really ought not  
To rush on so recklessly. I just forgot.

Well, I gave up this noble experiment soon,  
And turned on the radio in hopes some stray tune  
Might awaken fond memories out of their tomb.  
I was greeted at once with the crash and the boom  
Of a jazz band in all its cacophonous din—  
And these jazz bands I hate like original sin.  
I twisted the dial. Then came o'er the line  
The quavering, tuneless, and infantile whine  
Of some epicene tenor or alto or such.  
I will not say which, for I might get in Dutch

In th' attempt to distinguish. In matters of sex  
 I disclaim expert knowledge, and don't seek to vex  
 My cerebrum with matters abstruse and complex.  
 I twisted the dial once more, and my pains  
 Were requited this time with the finishing strains  
 Of Romberg's "Maytime", which I love. Then explains  
 The announcer, "This is with permission  
 "Of the copyright owners." And who in perdition  
 Cares a whoop if it isn't? Then followed a bally  
 Discourse on decayed teeth and consequent hali-  
 Tosis with more nauseating details  
 Not fit to go through the United States mails.  
 So I gave the thing up in disgust, and I turned  
 Off the whole blamed contraption. And thereupon learned,  
 On consulting my watch, it was half past eleven,  
 And here I was slated to get up at seven.  
 The mere thought of this made me exceedingly sore;  
 Early rising I've always considered a bore,  
 And the doctor has told me I ought to sleep more.  
 Wherefore, since I had not collected a shred  
 Of material, and wheels 'gan to buzz in my head,  
 I peeled off my clothes and, with nothing more said,  
 I switched off the light and popped right into bed.  
 And I dreamed, Oh, such wonderful things did I dream!  
 I wrote a grand epic, I sketched out the theme  
 Of a drama the equal of which, it would seem,  
 Had not since Shakespeare been evolved. I esteem  
 The truth, so I cannot deny that the stream  
 Of ballads and odes which continued to teem  
 From my pen was stupendous. But really the cream  
 Of the lot was a sonnet, so subtle, so rare  
 That naught ever wrote in this world could compare  
 With its delicate beauty which naught could surpass.  
 And I thought what a treat it will be to the Class  
 When they hear all these marvelous things. Blooming ass!  
 When I woke to the chime of the clock in the hall,  
 And my exquisite gems undertook to recall,  
 The tragedy was—I'd forgotten them all.  
 The next day 'twas the same, and the next, and the next.

And my poor harried noddle was sorely perplexed.  
 I could not somehow upon any pretext  
 Find a darned thing to write about. This got me vexed.  
 It was not, so to speak,  
 A mere casual freak.  
 The same thing continued for week after week.  
 I grew worried. This may be, thought I, peradventure,  
 Th' incipient symptoms of senile dementia,  
 It overtakes others. So what's to prevent yer?  
 I was scared. And when once I get in a blue funk,  
 I go all to pieces; I lose all my spunk;  
 I'm no better than if I were actually drunk;  
 I'm in fact absolutely and utterly sunk.  
 And I knew that to go on was out of the question,  
 All my faculties were in a state of congestion.  
 So I gave it all up; just fell down on the job,  
 Like a lazy, incompetent, futile old slob.  
 And, fellows, I tell you it made me feel bitter,  
 For I'd never regarded myself as a quitter,  
 And I hate like the mischief that sort of a critter.  
 So I sat there and hated myself for a while—  
 Just a very short while—then with sad, pensive smile  
 I relaxed. And as there I sat nodding or near it,  
 And drowsiness softly stole over my spirit,  
     I was lifted, it seemed, by an unseen hand,  
     O'er my eyelids a mist did fall,  
     And swiftly it bore me over the land  
     To the precincts of old Nassau Hall.  
 A heavy pall fell o'er me, and I slept, and knew no more.  
 And then the pall was lifted, and the scene had changed.  
 I sat in a high, spacious hall, and 'round about me there  
 Were seated all our loved and lost comrades. They gave  
 Me hearty greeting. Light-hearted and jocund were they;  
 Faces transfigured, and alight with freedom and with youth re-  
     gained,  
 Freedom from fear, doubt and the thwarting, prisoning clutch  
 Of chill misfortune and its throttling web. Brave  
 And jovial young faces that we once knew well.

Blithely they hailed me, e'en as now and here  
They hail you all with cheers inaudible to mortal ear

\* \* \* \* \*

The vision faded, and once more I sat alone,  
In that stark hopeless loneliness that only age  
Can know. And I was desolate and bowed my head.  
And lo, from out the void there came to me a voice,  
A solemn, sweet, and soothing voice. With gentle  
Reprimand, in cheering words, it spoke, and said:

Can ye not look beyond the shadow, and behold

The substance of the thing itself? Ye fools and blind.

The image crumbles; the imperishable mold

Lives on forever changeless in God's mind.

Fear not. There is no death. There is but a sleep

And an awakening. The flowers unfold, then fade,

And bloom again next year. Faint heart, why should you weep?

For there is nothing ever lost that God hath made.

GEORGE WESTERVELT.

## ***A FRAGRANT MEMORY***

Biennials were safely past,  
Soph year was almost gone,  
When like a bolt from out the blue  
Disease and death swept down.

Malaria they called it then,  
But whatsoe'er its name,  
It took its toll, and all agreed  
The drainage was to blame.

The College closed, the summer passed—  
Returning in the fall—  
Behold! A long, low building stood  
'Twixt Whig and Clio Hall.

Not in collegiate gothic style,  
Nor yet like Dickinson;  
It did not match with East or West  
Or even Witherspoon.

It had a beauty all its own,  
A style severe and chaste,  
As though some "specialist" of parts  
Had drawn the plans in haste.

The "Temporary Structure" was  
Its unassuming name,  
But we all felt it should be called  
For him who was to blame

For building the unsightly thing,  
And so we one and all  
Declared the architect the goat  
And christened it Ord Hall.

'Twas built of rough, unpainted boards  
With cracks both long and wide;  
A hallway stretched from end to end  
With stalls on either side.

'Twas not so bad when days were warm—  
In autumn and in spring,  
But when the storms of winter came  
'Twas quite another thing.

Remember how we sallied forth  
Though arctic blizzards roared,  
And ploughed, perhaps through knee-deep snow,  
To seek relief at Ord?

Remember how the icy chills  
Chased up and down our backs?  
Remember how the wintry winds  
Came whistling through the cracks?

The boys of these degenerate days  
Scarce realize how few  
The comforts were their dads enjoyed  
Back there in '82.

Ye pampered sons of '32  
With luxuries untold,  
Ye little reck what we endured  
In those brave days of old!

But there were compensations too—  
It kept us hard and fit,  
And when it came to outdoor sports.  
Believe me we were It.

Perhaps we find the reason here,  
Perhaps here lies the blame,  
The answer to the question why  
We now lose every game.

Now certain heroes of the Class  
With high esthetic aims,  
Feeling Ord Hall was out of date,  
Condemned it to the flames.

One moonless night with chips and oil  
They built the funeral pyre;  
They struck the match, applied the torch,  
And soon a blazing fire

Aroused Mat Goldie. Forth he rushed  
And, fighting tooth and nail,  
He saved the charred and blackened wreck  
To grace the landscape still.

Then dear old Jimmy rose in wrath—  
With fire in his eye  
He faced the Class when next they met  
To learn psychology.

He smote the desk, he glared about,  
Was almost moved to tears—  
“I know ye, within two or three,  
And in the coming years

“With bated breath they’ll point ye out,  
And banish from their sight  
The man who did that dirty deed  
Within the dead of night.”

Ord Hall is gone, but can we e’er  
Its classic lines forget?  
Its memories, through fifty years  
Are green and fragrant yet.

EDWARD S. RANKIN.

The several vocations of the individual members of the Class are listed as follows. There are a number of duplications—men who have changed their occupations, or who have carried on two or more vocations at the same time.

CHURCH: Boggs, Cromer, Dunlap, Greene, Goloknath, Gill, R. C. Hallock, G. B. F. Hallock, Hibben, Marshall, Martin, Maxwell, McWilliams, Peabody, Pierson, Ralston, L. R. Scudder, W. W. Scudder, Sutphen, Warfield, Woods. Total, 21.

LAW: Acker, Benton, P. T. Bryan, Bryant, Browne, Black, Budd, Chamberlin, Chetwood, Critchlow, Darlington, Day, Doland, Dunning, Edgar, Flick, Gabriel, Gayley, Guyer, C. E. Harris, Hemphill, Howell, Hurin, Jackman, Larkin, Milford, Mills, Murphy, Parker, Peebles, Porch, Reiber, Rutherford, Shaw, Summerill, I. N. Taylor, Terhune, Toler, Waddell, Warfield, Welles, Westerfelt, Wheeler, Williams, Wilson, Young. Total, 46.

MEDICINE: Barrett, J. H. Bryan, Dunlap, Elmer, Grier, Larcombe, Lloyd, Potter, Rafferty, Rowe, Root, Shober, G. Y. Taylor, M. J. White, Woodruff, L. R. Scudder. Total, 16.

EDUCATION: Crew, Fine, C. B. M. Harris, Hibben, Magie, Van Stone, Warfield, West, Wilson. Total, 9.

SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING: Crew, Prentiss, Rankin, Withington, Wills. Total, 5.

LITERATURE: Crew, G. B. F. Hallock, Hibben, Potter, Pierson, Rutherford, Sutphen, Warfield, Woods. Total, 9.

JOURNALISM: Bickham, Day, Guyer, Lauman, Sutphen. Total, 5.

ARMY: Bickham, Lloyd, Rafferty. Total, 3.

ART: Clarke, Elmendorf. Total, 2.

DIPLOMACY: Denby. Total, 1.

FARMING: Collis, Darlington, Life, Rutherford, Yeager. Total, 5.

BUSINESS: Baker, Banister, Beattie, Burt, Campbell, Chapin, Clark, Cornwall, Craig, Ernst, Emmons, Guerin, Guyer, Hughes, Jackman, Libbey, Lindsley, Life, Montgomery, McCarter, Sherwood, Simons, Simpson, Wallace, E. J. White, Wilcox, Winton, Yeager. Total, 28.

UNKNOWN: Cooley, Lathrop, Leisenring, Lauman. Total, 4.

The initial ceremony in connection with President Hibben's retirement was the general Alumni dinner given at the Hotel Roosevelt, March 11, 1932. Two of the speakers—President Lowell of Harvard and President Butler of Columbia—were also present in that capacity at Hibben's inauguration in 1912. The Eighty-two men who attended were Banister, Barrett, Darlington, Lindsley, Martin, Parker, Rankin, Rutherford, and Welles. Sutphen had intended to be present and had subscribed for his ticket; at the last moment illness prevented his attendance.

It will be remembered that at a Class dinner, held at the Princeton Club, in New York, in March, 1812, it was resolved to raise a fund with which to erect a portion of a dormitory on the University Campus. This was done and our entry now forms part of Cuyler Hall; it contains four double and two single suites, and yields a gross revenue of \$1100 a year. It is pleasant to feel that this addition to the funds of the University bids fair to continue indefinitely. Cuyler Hall is one of the most popular dormitories on the campus.

# **GENERAL ROSTER OF MEMBERS**

## GENERAL ROSTER OF MEMBERS

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>†Acker, Walter H.<br/>           *Baker, William B.<br/>               Bannister, James B.<br/>               Barrett, Andrew L.<br/>               Beattie, William E.<br/>           *Benton, Samuel H.<br/>           *Bickham, Abraham S.<br/>           *Browne, George D.<br/>           *Bryan, John H.<br/>           *Bryan, P. Taylor<br/>           *Bryant, Howard<br/>           ‡*Black, Edgar N.<br/>               *Boggs, John M.<br/>           §*Budd, Eckard P. (Yale, '82.)<br/>               *Burt, Alfred F.<br/>               *Campbell, Malcolm<br/>               *Chamberlin, Burton S.<br/>               *Chapin, Erving F.<br/>               *Chetwood, John<br/>           *Clark, Robert K.<br/>           *Clarke, Thomas S.<br/>             Collis, William E. (Princeton, '84.)<br/>               (Transferred to '84)<br/>               Cooley, Frank D.<br/>               Cornwall, Frank M.<br/>           ‡*Craig, William D.<br/>               Crew, Henry<br/>           *Critchlow, Edward B.<br/>               Cromer, Jeremiah C.<br/>               Darlington, Charles F.<br/>           *Day, George de F. L.<br/>               Denby, Charles<br/>           ‡*De Renne, Kentwyn<br/>               *Doland, J. Blair<br/>               *Dunlap, John</p> | <p>‡*Dunning, Henry W.<br/>           *Edgar, Morgan<br/>           *Elmendorf, Dwight L.<br/>               Elmer, Matthew K.<br/>           *Ely, Montague R.<br/>           ¶Emmons, Horace H.<br/>           *Ernst, Edward H.<br/>           *Flick, W. J. Liddon<br/>           ‡*Fine, John B.<br/>               Gabriel, Charles V.<br/>           ‡*Gayley, Henry B. (Princeton, '84.)<br/>             *Gill, Theophilus A.<br/>               ¶Goloknath, Henry<br/>           ‡†Gray, Henry H.<br/>               *Greene, George F.<br/>           ‡*Grier, Edward B.<br/>           ‡*Guerin, Theodore B.<br/>               †Guyer, Allan P.<br/>               ¶Hallock, Gerard B. F.<br/>               *Hallock, Robert C.<br/>               *Harris, C. Barton M.<br/>               *Harris, Charles E.<br/>               *Hemphill, Paul<br/>             *Hillhouse, James S. (Princeton, '81.)<br/>               Hibben, John G.<br/>           *Howell, William C.<br/>               Hughes, Edward S.<br/>               Hurin, Silas E.<br/>           *Jackman, Edgar R.<br/>           ‡*Kingsley, Norman H.<br/>               *Larcombe, George G.<br/>               Larkin, John<br/>           *†Lauman, Phillip D.<br/>           ‡*Lathrop, Theodore A.</p> |
|---|---|

- ‡†Leakhart, Edward K.  
 \*\*Leisenring, Walter  
   ||Libbey, Frederick A.  
     (Princeton, '83.)  
 ||\*Life, John C. (Princeton,  
   '83.)  
   Lindsley, Charles A.  
   \*Lloyd, Samuel  
 ‡†Lowder, George W.  
   \*Magie, David  
   \*Marshall, Clark H.  
   Martin, Paul  
   \*McCarter, Uzal H.  
   McWilliams, James A.  
 ||\*Maxwell, Joseph E. (Prince-  
   ton, '84.)  
   \*Milford, Charles R.  
   \*Mills, Alfred E.  
 ‡\*Montgomery, Walter J.  
 §\*Murphy, Walter (Yale, '82.)  
   Parker, Charles W.  
   Peabody, Ward C.  
   Peebles, Thomas  
   Pierson, George P.  
 \*\*Porch, Frank M.  
   \*Potter, Theodore  
   \*Prentiss, Henry S.  
   \*Ranney, Pennington  
   \*Rafferty, Ogden  
   \*Ralston, John J.  
   Rankin, Edward S.  
   Reiber, Aaron E.  
   \*Root, Francis F.  
   \*Rowe, Ross B.  
   Rutherford, Livingston  
   Scudder, Lewis R.  
   Scudder, William W.  
   \*Shaw, William M.  
   \*Sherwood, William B.  
   \*Shober, John B.  
 ‡\*Simons, Edwin S. (Given  
   A. B., 1892.)  
 ‡\*Simpson, Frank  
   \*Stanchfield, George B.  
 ‡\*Summerill, Joseph J.  
   Sutphen, W. G. van Tassel  
   \*Taylor, George Y.  
   \*Taylor, Isaac N.  
   Terhune, Henry S.  
   \*Terriberry, Alfred M.  
   \*Toler, William P.  
 ‡\*Van Stone, Samuel B.  
   \*Waddell, Robert S.  
   \*Wallace, Bishop L.  
   Warfield, Ethelbert D.  
   \*West, Robert H.  
   Westervelt, George Norten  
   Welles, Henry H.  
   \*Wheeler, T. Kensett  
   White, Everett J.  
 ‡\*White, Moses J.  
   \*Wilcox, Hallett D.  
   Williams, Frederick R.  
   \*Wills, William H.  
   \*Wilson, John  
   \*Winton, Burton G.  
   \*Withington, Chandler  
   \*Woodruff, Joseph M.  
   Woods, David W.  
   \*Yard, Daniel S.  
   ||Yard, Robert S. (Princeton,  
   '83.)  
 ‡†Yeager, Edward L.  
 ‡\*Young, Frederick B.

\*Deceased. †Missing. ‡Left college. ||Transferred to another  
 class. §Transferred to another college. ¶Special student.

## RECAPITULATION

Total entering the Class of 1882, 137.

Living graduates, 37; living non-graduates, 5 (including F. A. Libbey and R. S. Yard of '83).

Total living, 42. Total living on Class roll, 40.

Dead graduates, 60; dead non-graduates, 28. Total dead, 88.

Missing graduates, 2; missing non-graduates, 5. Total missing, 7.

Total dead and missing, 95.

Left college, 23. Transferred to other classes, 7. Transferred to other colleges, 2.

Special students, 3.

# **NECROLOGY**

## NECROLOGY

Alfred M. Terriber	April 11, 1880
Montague R. Ely	May 26, 1880
George B. Stanchfield	June 9, 1880
Norman H. Kingsley	September 10, 1880
Bishop L. Wallace	September 11, 1885
Daniel S. Yard	November 20, 1885
C. Barton M. Harris	August 30, 1886
William B. Sherwood	June 10, 1889
Alfred F. Burt	March 22, 1893
Joseph M. Woodruff	September 14, 1894
John H. Bryan	June 13, 1895
George G. Larcombe	June, 1895
Walter Murphy	February 5, 1897
Pennington Ranney	August, 1897
John Wilson	February 13, 1899
George Yardley Taylor	June 30, 1900
George Lord Day	December 14, 1900
Hallet D. Wilcox	July 6, 1901
Samuel H. Benton	
Theodore A. Lathrop	July 13, 1904
William D. Craig	October 29, 1904
W J. Liddon Flick	July 2, 1905
William P. Toler	July 25, 1905
Burton G. Winton	February 8, 1906
Frederick B. Young	July 31, 1906
Charles E Harris	September 5, 1906
Robert H West	December 12, 1906
Walter Leisenring	January 5, 1907
Henry S. Prentiss	May 4, 1907
Frank M. Porch	September 16, 1907
Isaac N. Taylor	August 4, 1908
Frank Simpson	April 29, 1909
John B. Shober	April 27, 1911

Paul Hemphill . . . . .	January 22, 1912
Eckard P. Budd . . . . .	June 1, 1912
William McD. Shaw . . . . .	November 27, 1912
Edgar Ross Jackman . . . . .	January 26, 1913
Frank F. Root . . . . .	March 1, 1914
Samuel B. Van Stone . . . . .	July 24, 1914
Theodore Potter . . . . .	February 8, 1915
Theodore B. Guerin . . . . .	April 20, 1915
John Jay Ralston . . . . .	January 4, 1917
Moses J. White . . . . .	March 15, 1917
Thomas Kensett Wheeler . . . . .	April 26, 1917
Henry White Dunning . . . . .	April 30, 1917
Clark H. Marshall . . . . .	August 2, 1917
Joseph E. Maxwell . . . . .	November 16, 1917
Erving Fenno Chapin . . . . .	March 10, 1918
Ross B. Rowe . . . . .	September 19, 1918
William J. Montgomery . . . . .	November 6, 1918
George D. Browne . . . . .	December 28, 1918
James S. Hillhouse . . . . .	April 9, 1920
Thomas Shields Clarke . . . . .	November 15, 1920
Edward B. Critchlow . . . . .	December 19, 1920
Henry B. Gayley . . . . .	1921
Ogden Rafferty . . . . .	January 29, 1922
Edgar B. Grier . . . . .	April 1, 1923
John Chetwood, Jr. . . . .	June 28, 1923
Charles R. Milford . . . . .	April 12, 1924
Joseph J. Summerill . . . . .	May 13, 1924
David Magie, Jr. . . . .	September 15, 1925
John Dunlap . . . . .	November 4, 1925
William H Wills . . . . .	December 27, 1925
Edgar N. Black, Jr. . . . .	June 10, 1926
Robert S. Waddell . . . . .	October 18, 1926
George F. Greene . . . . .	November 19, 1926
Chandler Withington . . . . .	December 13, 1926
Samuel Lloyd . . . . .	December 19, 1926
Morgan Edgar . . . . .	March 14, 1927
John B. Doland . . . . .	August 25, 1927
William C. Howell . . . . .	May 2, 1928
Abram S. Bickham . . . . .	January 7, 1929

Edwin S. Simons . . . . .	January 26, 1929
Malcolm Campbell . . . . .	February 15, 1929
Dwight L. Elmendorf . . . . .	May 6, 1929
John B. Fine . . . . .	July 25, 1929
Alfred E. Mills . . . . .	December 1, 1929
Burton E. Chamberlin . . . . .	June 1, 1930
William B. Baker . . . . .	June 10, 1930
Howard Bryant . . . . .	September 18, 1930
John M. Boggs . . . . .	October 2, 1930
Uzal H. McCarter . . . . .	August 15, 1931
Edward H. Ernst . . . . .	January 21, 1932
P. Taylor Bryan . . . . .	June 23, 1932
Robert C. Hallock . . . . .	June 24, 1932
Kentwyn de Renne . . . . .	
Theophilus A. Gill . . . . .	
John C. Life . . . . .	

## THE MISSING

Walter H. Acker  
Henry H. Gray  
Allan G. Guyer  
Philip D. Lauman

Edward K. Leakhart  
George W. Lowder  
Edward L. Yeager

Acker, a lawyer by profession, and a regular graduate, disappeared from his home in Washington, D. C., several years ago, and nothing definite has ever been known of his whereabouts; he is supposed to have gone to the Pacific coast. In 1927 Simons announced that Acker was dead, but gave no particulars, and the mystery of his dropping out of sight will, in all probability, never be solved.

Gray, a resident of Pittsburgh, Pa., entered '82 in September, 1879, and left College in November of the same year. He never made any reports to the various editions of the *Record*, and nothing is known of his subsequent movements.

Guyer, a regular graduate, reported in 1883 that he was studying law in Philadelphia. In the Triennial *Record* he states that he had abandoned the law for journalism. Later on, he became a member

of the firm of Guyer and Phillips, insurance brokers and surveyors; he took out a patent for an invention, nature not stated. He made no further reports and his whereabouts since 1885 remain unknown.

Lauman entered '82 in September, 1878, and left college in December, 1879; he was reported to be engaged in the barnstorming theatre business. He made no reports to the earlier *Records*, but in 1912 he announced that he was connected with the Reading (Penn.) *Eagle* as a travelling correspondent, covering Europe, California, and the Yellowstone; he even furnished a photograph for the Tricentennial *Record*. He never attended a Reunion and no member of the Class has ever seen him since he left Princeton.

Leakhart. In the *Princetonian* of September 26, 1878, E. K. Leakhart of Connecticut is listed as a freshman in the School of Science. His name does not appear in any official list. Probably he passed his entrance examinations and then decided not to matriculate.

Lowder, residence unknown, entered '82 in September, 1878, and left college at the end of Freshman year. No one seems to remember anything about him; he sent in no reports, and attended no Reunions.

Yeager, of Denver, Col., entered '82 in September, 1880, and left college in June, 1881. No reports in 1883, 1885, 1887, or 1892. In the Twenty-five year *Record* he is said to be engaged in farming in Montana. In the Tricentennial *Record* he broke his long silence by reporting that he was living in North Dakota, and active in politics and various lines of business; he had married and was the father of five children. He also made a report for the Quadragintennial *Record*, saying that he was again farming—wheat in North Dakota and sugar beets in Minnesota; he promised to attend the next Reunion. Since then all efforts to reach him have failed. His last given address was Birch Lake Inn, Birchwood, Wis., but letters so addressed have been returned by the postal authorities.

The *Alumni Weekly* prints the subjoined tributes to P. Taylor Bryan and Robert C. Hallock:

#### P. TAYLOR BRYAN

Following hard upon the closing hours of our Fiftieth Reunion there was cast a dark shadow by the death in the Princeton Hos-

pital of our classmate, Taylor Bryan. In the desperate fight for his life he was given every care and skilful attention by four physicians and was surrounded by the loving devotion of his wife, three sons, and a daughter.

It is difficult for me to write adequately about this dear friend of my youth as my affection for him has been an ever deepening one since our first meeting upon the campus in our freshman year until the last hours of his illness when I was with him until the end. His was a nature of a very rare order, combining traits of character which in a less noble personality might have seemed contradictory, but in him were complementary and harmonious. He was proud and yet without the slightest suggestion of arrogance, gentle and yet strong with a power which expressed deep-seated conviction and indomitable purpose. He was kind and tender in all of his personal contacts and yet ready to fight without asking or giving quarter when principle or honor was at stake.

Even as we grieve now over the loss of a dear friend there come to us crowded memories of joy and happiness associated with the companion of days long ago.

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN.

#### TAYLOR BRYAN

STUDENT at law, lawyer, professor of law, finally one of the leaders of the bar of St. Louis, the city of his birth and home.

This is much but not the greatest mark of his career; it was in the recognized fineness of character to which all paid tribute.

To juggle—by quibbles or evasion—with the fine edge of truth was not for him.

His conscience radiated, reached into, and moved the consciences of those who came under his influence.

In him was no trace of present-day slave psychology; mentally, mortally, and socially his genius was aristocratic.

So even was it in our day, in his youth at Princeton; his flaming spirit burned into the men of his time.

Little did we, who believed we knew him well, realize that in the picturesque and fiery figure of the captain of our football team was hidden the tirelessly searching student.

Surrounded by friends and in front of Old North—as the seniors sang their welcome to its tolling evening bell—the shaft struck.

With no foreboding or warning word—lest his illness should cloud our Fiftieth Reunion—he left his classmates and alone entered the hospital; and there, but not alone, he died June 24, 1932. *Vale!*

*For the Class of 1882*

CHARLES W. PARKER

PAUL MARTIN

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

LIVINGSTON RUTHERFURD

JOHN LARKIN

ROBERT CRAWFORD HALLOCK

ANOTHER break in the ranks of '82 which we record with sorrow is the death of Robert Crawford Hallock. After graduating from Princeton Seminary in 1885 he served successively a number of prominent churches and ended his ministry as pastor emeritus of the Presbyterian Church of Valatie, N. Y., where he died June 24 at the age of seventy-four.

Hallock was born in a family of clergymen from which three of his brothers also entered the ministry, of whom our Gerard of '82 is one. In 1888 he received his Ph.D. from New York University and in 1900 a D. D. from Richmond College, Ohio. He was widely known as preacher, writer and lecturer. For the past ten years he conducted the New Testament Greek department in *The Expositor* of Cleveland.

In 1885 Hallock married Miss Martha A. Wells who, with eight children, survives him, and to whom we and our classmates extend our profound sympathy.

*For the Class of 1882*

J. A. McWILLIAMS

PAUL MARTIN

GEORGE P. PIERSON

The following letter to van T. S. from Sister Esther-Carlotta, S. R., Superior of the House of the Nazarene, St. Augustine, Fla., where Dwight Elmendorf spent a month in February, 1929, was mimeographed and sent out to the members of the Class. But it seems worthy of being preserved in more permanent form; hence its inclusion in this Quinquagintennial *Record*.

"Your letter came to me this morning, but I think its chief message reached me several days ago, and I had your name on my

list of letters to be written to-day in order to ask if the mystic knowledge I seemed to have acquired possesses any foundation in fact.

"Tuesday morning I had an unexpected guest come with a party, and I opened the door of LOVE, Mr. Elmendorf's room, to assign it to her; but I was met by such a strong and possessive sense of his presence, and a glow of light that was not material and yet seemed to be, that I closed the door and put the guest in another room. I was very busy for hours, but the experience followed me, and the first moment I had to spare I went into the closed room and knelt by the bed for a long time. I am unable to say that I saw or heard any definite thing, but the sense of his close presence, and of light that was most luminous when my eyes were shut, persisted for a long time; suddenly both ceased, and when I came out and looked at my watch, I found I had knelt there for fifty minutes. The room has been used by several since he left, and I have been in it again and again without any thought except a remembrance of him and a wonder as to how he was. I have been in since without any return of the experience; but Thursday night, when I was in chapel alone, and with but a dim light from the office, I suddenly felt as if I were called; I lifted my head to see him standing midway in the room before the Altar; lifelike, vividly the same yet not the same; and an impression of light appeared to centre around him; I seemed to see the little gesture which you will remember he often used when he was pleased, a smile in the eye and a kiss from his finger tips; then it was gone. Yesterday (May 10) in the midst of pressing duties, the thought of him persisted, and when I found this morning not so busy I determined to write you. Then your letter came in the first mail.

"Now that he is no longer with us in the flesh, I think I may, without any breach of confidence, tell you of a long talk we had two nights before he left St. Augustine. We sat out on the front porch, and after the others dropped away one by one, he quite unexpectedly said to me: "Sister, I should like to come to Vespers tomorrow, and you will say a prayer for me, will you not?" Of course I said I would, and added that I had prayed for him daily for a long time; he gave just the smile and gesture of thanks that I saw last Thursday night. Then he told me very quietly that he was not to be in this life long; that he was glad to have it so. He had his cap on; he took it off and laid it beside him as he talked of his

confidence in God, in the love and atonement of Jesus Christ, of the freedom and joy that he knew waited for him somewhere, and of his willingness to go. Then we talked of the life beyond the swift change of mortality, of what its beauty and light must be, of the goodness and love of God. The light from the street fell on his face, and I shall never forget its expression of peace.

"The next day he did come to both Intercessions and Vespers, and after the former, he said to me: 'I wish I could have come oftener, Sister, but I feel that I disturb others with my cough.' I told him that no one would be disturbed, and insisted that he should come to Vespers; he did, and afterwards stayed to thank me and spoke of his enjoyment of the little service. I have told you of these things because you loved him so, and I had promised you to do all I could for him spiritually. I tried truly, and his name has been in my daily Intercessions from then until now; and when I read your letter I went into Chapel and knelt at the Altar rail, and prayed for his peace and blessing, and offered a thanksgiving for the privilege of having known him, a privilege I owe to you and for which I thank you. You will miss him I know, for the friendship between you was so beautiful; I too feel a sense of loss, and my sympathy goes out to you; for him I rejoice.

"One thing I wonder if you can have done for me. He told me of his book—his only one he said—a book in pictures of the Holy Land; he promised that when he went home from the hospital to which he purposed going he would send me a copy, with an inscription of his own in it. I know it was because he was not well enough that he did not do this, and I should so like to have the book. Is it possible for you to get it from whoever represents him and send it to me? If you can do this, will you put his name and mine in it.

"(Signed) SISTER ESTHER-CARLOTTA, S. R."

[The book in question has long been out of print, but luckily there was a copy in the library of Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishers, and Parker was able to secure it and have it forwarded to Sister Esther-Carlotta. van T. S.].

# **DIRECTORY**

## DIRECTORY

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# APPENDIX

## APPENDIX

As already noted, the regular Thirty-fifth Reunion was interrupted by the World War. In June, 1919, the Class held its belated Reunion at the Young house on Prospect Avenue. No printed record of this was prepared at the time, but on pages 35 to 39 inclusive of the Reunion Record of 1922 will be found the two preliminary circulars by Ed Simons, followed (on pages 38 and 39) by a short account of the 1919 Reunion, with a list of those present. In the appendix to the 1922 book (pages 61-69) are several poems read at the 1919 Reunion, four of which are reprinted below. "E. B. C." is, of course, Critchlow.

E. B. C.

DECEMBER 19, 1920

Our loved big brother! What is this men say?  
Gone in the full flood-tide of life and strength!  
Say rather, as of old, he leads the way  
Beyond the gate of dreams, through which at length,  
Th' allotted span filled up, we too must fare.  
Lead on, my captain; we who linger here  
Shall draw new courage from thy spirit rare,  
New hope and faith and love that drives out fear.

Endowed with gifts that made him among men  
A leader born; alike to great and small  
Just, kind and generous; instant at duty's call;  
True husband, faithful friend, good citizen;  
He was a man. Ay, take him all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again.

GEORGE WESTERVELT.

## **HAS BEENS?**

Has beens? Not quite.  
Come fill your glasses all,  
And drink with me this double toast tonight—  
The class of Eighty-two and Nassau Hall!

No, not quite yet;  
For while a breath we draw,  
We'll all unite in spite of storm and fret  
"To shout and sing long life to Old Nassau!"

Has been? No style?  
No longer in the game?  
No! while we sing "We have style all the while,"  
"The smoke goes up the chimney just the same."

What's that you say?  
A trifle bald maybe,  
With straggling locks turning from black to gray,  
While children's children play about our knee;

But has beens, No!  
Such words do not apply  
To us, who since those days of long ago  
Have stood unflinching as the years rolled by.

Defeated? Through?  
My pessimistic friend  
As loyal sons of Princeton, Eighty-two  
Fares ever forward, fighting to the end.

Has beens? who dared  
Those coward words to speak?  
We'll serve the guns as long as life is spared,  
And sinking nail our colors to the peak.

And though perhaps  
The day may come at last  
When age shall cause our memories to lapse  
And lose the luster of our glorious past,

Till then, we are!  
And "solid through and through"  
We face with sturdy hearts the evening star,  
United in our love for Eighty-two.

EDWARD S. RANKIN.

## **REUNION HYMN OF EIGHTY-TWO**

Hark, the trumpet sounds the summons. Lo! the day is coming  
soon which will usher in the glories of our forty-fifth Reune,  
Leave your troubles all behind you, get your heart and voice in tune  
With the Class of Eighty-two.

### **CHORUS**

Whoop her up again for Princeton,  
With a rah, rah, rah for Princeton!  
Tiger, siss-boom-ah for Princeton  
And the Class of Eighty-two!

We will walk and talk together as we did in former days,  
We will wonder as we wander through the once familiar ways,  
We will sing our songs together, sing our ringing songs of praise  
For the Class of Eighty-two.—CHORUS.

So remember you're expected, do not fail to heed the call,  
Just remember you're a true and loyal son of Nassau Hall,  
And remember you're a member of the best old Class of all,  
Of the Class of Eighty-two.—CHORUS.

EDWARD S. RANKIN.

## DREAM PICTURES

*Beside an open fire I dozed and dreamed,  
The light from shaded lamps was soft and low,  
And in the burning coals strange pictures seemed  
To form and change and vanish in the glow.*

### I

Before a building old and gray and ivy grown  
I saw a company of youths, an untried band,  
Who talked in little groups or walked about alone  
Like shipwrecked strangers meeting in a foreign land.  
But over all some spirit seemed to brood  
Prophetic of a lifelong brotherhood.

### II

The picture changed, a scene of action took its place—  
A phalanx charging down the village street to rout  
And crush the foe who blocked their path, and face to face  
With one great crash they met, and with a mighty shout  
Straight through their ranks invincibly they passed  
And scattered them like leaves before the blast.

### III

I saw the straining rope, a contest sharp but short,  
And those who fought for canes upon the moonlit grass;  
I saw them play their part in very manly sport  
And ever forward bear the standards of the Class.  
And then I lived again those days of death  
When passed the Reaper with his icy breath.

#### IV

So scene succeeded scene and held me thrall'd, and now  
    Appeared an upper room, a hundred men who bent  
Above their work and wrote, or paused with furrowed brow  
    In deepest thought, but all upon their task intent.  
        Determination shone from every face,  
    And solemn silence shrouded all the place.

Around an ancient cannon planted in the ground  
    Were gathered all these friends to say a last goodbye,  
The final song was sung, the fragrant pipe went round  
    And pledges made of friendships which would never die.  
        Joy strove with grief for on this day of days  
    Had come at last the parting of the ways.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years seemed to pass, the flickering light began to fade,  
    Still faintly I could see a smaller group of men,  
Much older too they seemed who met and idly strayed  
    About among the old familiar scenes, and then  
        The ashes paled but from those last faint gleams  
    Loved faces smiled and roused me from my dreams.

EDWARD S. RANKIN.

















